

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING

TWELFTH-NIGHT: or, WHAT YOU WILL.
The MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.
The TAMING of the SHREW.
The COMEDY of ERRORS.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON.

M.DCC.LXVII.

W O R K S



SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME the FOURTH

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING YOU WILL
ALSO, WHERE THE ENDS WELL DEOR
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II

EDINBURGH

Printed by M. A. & W. 1830

M. Dec 1830



TWELFTH NIGHT:

O R

WHAT YOU WILL.



VOL. III.

A

Dramatis Personæ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.

ANTONIO, a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.

VALENTINE, } Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.
CURIO, }

Sir TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.

Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, a foolish knight, pretending to Olivia.

A Sea-captain, friend to Viola.

FABIAN, servant to Olivia.

MALVOLIO, a fantastical steward to Olivia.

Clown, servant to Olivia.

OLIVIA, a Lady of great beauty and fortune, beloved by the Duke.

VIOLA, in love with the Duke.

MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *A City on the Coast of Illyria.*

• The Persons of the Drama were first enumerated, with all the cant of the modern stage, by Mr Rowe.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

Duke.

IF music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour. Enough !—no more ;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute ; so full of shapes in fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord ?

Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have ;
O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence :
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,

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And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her hand-maid do return this answer:
The element itself, 'till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloystress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else-
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart,
Three sov'reign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
Her sweet perfections, with one self-same king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts ly rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Street.

Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, Lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.—

Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you,
sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, Madam: and to comfort you with
chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. *Orsino*.

Vio. *Orsino*! I have heard my father name him:
He was a batchelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know
What great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair *Olivia*.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving
In the protection of his son, her brother, [her
Who shortly also dy'd; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee,
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character:

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I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

An Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an
enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in
earlier a-nights; your niece, my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than
I am; these cloaths are good enough to drink in,
and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them
hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you:
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a
foolish knight that you brought in one night here,
to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to th' purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a-year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fy, that you'll say so! he plays o' th' violdegambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought, among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coyslir, that will not drink to my niece 'till his brains turn o' th' toe, like a parish-top. What, wench? *Castiliano Volgo* *; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Ble's you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost—

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, Sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

* We should read *volto*. In English, put on your Castilian countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks. *Warburton*.

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is, front her, board her, wooe her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost*?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw a sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry, now I let your hand go, I am barren.

[Exit Maria.]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight.

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

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Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a house-wife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to morrow, Sir Toby; your neice will not be seen, or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Duke himself here, hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' strangest mind i'th' world: I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What, is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig! I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace! what dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

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Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under *Taurus*?

Sir And. *Taurus*? that's sides and heart *.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!——excellent.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in Man's Attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the book ev'n of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, 'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofitful return.

* Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body, to the predominance of particular constellations. *Johnson.*

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Vio. Say I do speak with her, my Lord; what then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my Lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it:

For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative—a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair.—Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best

To woo your Lady; [*Exit Duke.*] yet, O baneful
strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been,
or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may
enter, in way of thy excuse; my Lady will hang
thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in
this world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where
that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars, and that may you be bold to
say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither, but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my Lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Olivia, and Malvalio.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus, Better be a witty fool than a foolish wit. God bless thee, Lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madona, that drink and good counsel will amend; for, give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended, is but patch'd; virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's

a flower: the Lady bade take away the fool, therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree.—Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain: good Madona, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good Madona.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madona; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madona, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell. Madona.

Oli. I know his soul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madona, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heav'n. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God fend you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' Zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those

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things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young man, And well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, Madam, your uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman: fy on him! Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home: what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madona, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*!—

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman. Here—A plague o' these pickle herring! how now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery! I defy lechery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

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Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, 'tis all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madona; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, Lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a pease-cod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the house, which
is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: your
will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable
beauty—I pray you, tell me, if this be the Lady
of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loth
to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is ex-
cellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to
con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I
am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied,
and that question's out of my part. Good gentle
one, give me modest assurance, if you be the Lady
of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the
very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play.
Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp
yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours
to reserve; but this is from my commission. I will
on with my speech in your praise, and then shew
you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive
you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis
poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray
you keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my
gates; and I allow'd your approach, rather to won-
der at you than to hear you. If you be not mad,

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be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, Sir; here lyes your way.

Vio. No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet Lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit Maria.*] We will hear this divinity. Now Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet Lady, —

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lyes your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, Sir, such a one I wear this present: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

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Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted : I will
give out diverse schedules of my beauty. It shall
be inventoried, and every particle and utensil la-
bell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferently
red. *Item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*,
one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent
hither to praise me ?

Vio. I see you, what you are ; you are too proud ;
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My Lord and master loves you : O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, tho' you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty !

Oli. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot
love him :

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulg'd ; free, learn'd, and valiant ;
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person ; but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense :
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal canto's of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night :
Hollow your name to the reverberant hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia ! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much :

What is your parentage ?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well ;
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it ; fare you well :
I thank you for your pains ; spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, Lady ; keep your purse :
My master, not myself, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love ;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt ! farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage ?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :—
I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon.—Not too fast—
soft ! soft !

Unless the master were the man.—How now ?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be—
What, ho, Malvolio.—

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The Duke's man ; he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not : tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him ;
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what ; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, shew thy force ; ourselves we do not owe ;
What is decreed, must be ; and be this so ! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Street.**Enter Antonio and Sebastian.**Antonio.*

WILL you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, in sooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy: but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself: you must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of. He left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, Sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet this far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me 'for my love,
let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done,
that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire
it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of
kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my
mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine
eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke
Orsino's court; farewell. [Exit.]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have made enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
The danger shall seem sport, and I will go

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Countess
Olivia?

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have
since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you
might have saved me my pains, to have taken it
away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should
put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will
none of him. And one thing more, that you be
never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless
it be to report your Lord's taking of this. Receive
it so

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her,
and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be
worth stooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if
not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.]

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this
Lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed so much,

22 TWELFTH-NIGHT: or, A&H.

That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her
tongue †;

For she did speak in starts distractedly :

She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my Lord's ring ; why, he sent her none..

I am the man—If it be so, (as, 'tis ;)

Poor Lady, she were better love a dream..

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it, for the proper false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms *!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,

For such as we are made, if such we be.

How will this fadge ? my master loves her dearly.,

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him ;

And she mistaken seems to doat on me.

What will become of this ? as I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love ;

As I am woman, (now, alas the day !)

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe ?

O time, thou must untangle this, not I ;

It is too hard a knot for me t'unty.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Changes to Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew : not to be a-bed

† We say a man *loses* his company, when they go one way and he goes another. So Olivia's tongue *lost* her eyes ; her tongue was talking of the Duke, and her eyes gazing on his messenger. *Johnson.*

* This is obscure. The meaning is, *how easy is disguise to women ; how easily does their own falsehood, contained in their waxen changeable hearts, enable them to assume deceitful appearances.*

The two next lines are perhaps transposed, and should be read thus :

For such as we are made, if such we be,

Alas, our frailty, is the cause, not we.

after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *Diluculo surgere*, thou know'st, —

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it, as an un-fill'd cann; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a scholar, let us therefore eat and drink. Maria! I say! — a stoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith: I sent thee six-pence forthy leman, had'st it?

Clo. I did impeticos * thy gratility; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song —

Sir To. Come on, there's six-pence for you. Let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one knight give a —

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

* He means to say, impocket thy gratuity. Hanmer.

Clown sings.

*O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journey's end in lover's meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.*

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come, is still unsure:
In delay there lyes no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl, in a catch that will draw thee souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain? let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight.* I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith: come, begin.

*[They sing a catch *.]*

* This catch is lost. *Johnson.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my Lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My Lady's a Catayan, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we*. Am not I a consanguineous? am not I of her blood? *Tilly valley* †, *Lady! there dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.* [*Singing.*

Clo. Beskrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, *the twelfth day of December*,—[*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do ye make an alehouse of my Lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers * catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Sneek up!— [*Hiccoughs.*

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that tho' she harbours you as her uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

* *Tilly valley* was an interjection of contempt, which Sir Thomas More's lady is recorded to have had very often in her mouth. *Johnson.*

* *i. e.* Coblers catches. *Revisal.*

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew, his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [Singing.

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by St Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' th' right.—Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums.—A sloop of wine, Maria.—

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke's was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to ly straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd * afs, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths; the best persuaded of himself; so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him: and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an afs.

Mar. Afs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[Exit.]

* *Affection'd*, for full of affectation. Warburton.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need fend for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' th' end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music now.—Good morrow, friends—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song, we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
—Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your Lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my Lord, a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[Ex. Curio. [Music.

—Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;
For such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and kittish in all motions else,

Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the feat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves :
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complection.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,
i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my Lord.

Duke. Too old, by heav'n : let still the woman take
An elder than herself, so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my Lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas that they are so,
To die even when they to perfection grow !

Enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come.—The song we had last
night,——
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain ;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with
bones,
Do use to chaunt it : it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir ?

Duke. Ay ; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Music.*

S O N G.

*Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath,
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O prepare it.
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.
 Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown:
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O! where
 True lover never find my grave,
 To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleasure in finging, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal †! I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[Exeunt.]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign Cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

† A precious stone of almost all colours. *Pope.*

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune :
But 'tis that miraele, and Queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, Sir—

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some Lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart
So big to hold so much ; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite :
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much ; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know——

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe ;
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my Lord : She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought ;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed ?
We men may say more, swear more ; but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not—
Sir, shall I to this Lady ?

32 TWELFTH-NIGHT: or, ACT II.

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel: say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Olivia's Gardēn.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signor Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport,
let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the
niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable
shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know he brought
me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-bait-
ing here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again;
and we will fool him black and blue; shall we not,
Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now,
my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree; Mal-
volio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder
i'th' fun practising behaviour to his own shadow
this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mock-
ery; for I know this letter will make a contem-
plative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting!
lye thou there; for here comes the trout that must
be caught with tickling.

[*Throws down a letter, and exit.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria
once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard
herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it

should be one of my complection. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue.——

Fab. O, peace: contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plums!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio,——

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: the Lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state——

Sir To. O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!——

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come down from a day bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my uncle Toby——

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while, and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches, curtsies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares, yet, peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

34 TWELFTH-NIGHT: or, Act II.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' th' lips then?

Mal. Saying, uncle Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech——

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab.

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew,——

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes; her very phrases. By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal; 'tis my Lady: to whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. *Love knows I love, but who*

Lips do not move, no man must know.

No man must know——what follows? the number's alter'd——no man must know——if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. *I may command, where I adore;*

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth sway my life—nay, but first, let me see——let me see——

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him?

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl checks at it?

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my Lady. Why, this is evident to any * formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this—and the end——what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me? softly——*M. O. A. I.*——

Sir To. O, ay! make up that; he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be not as rank as a fox.

Mal. M.—*Malvolio*——*M.*——why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; That suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* † shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I.—This simulation ‡ is not as the former——and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft, here follows prose——*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but*

* Formal, for common. Warburton.

† By *O* is here meant, what we now call a hempen collar. Johnson.

‡ Simulation for resemblance.

*be not afraid of greatness; some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember; go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She, that would alter services with thee, the fortunate and happy. Day-light and champion discovers no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be *point de vice*, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not chuse but know who I am: if thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.—Jove, I thank thee! I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.* [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip †, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aquavitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola and Clown.

Viola.

SAVE thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

† Mr Stevens supposes *tray-trip* to have been a game then in fashion.

38 TWELFTH-NIGHT: or, Act III.

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, Sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say the king lyes by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, Sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a chev'ril glove * to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward?

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: but indeed words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No indeed, Sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly; she will keep no fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchers are to herrings; the husband's the bigger. I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb like

* A glove made of a kid's skin.

the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master; as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, Sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, Sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, Sir; I will conster to them whence you come: who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might say element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of the persons, and the time; And, like the haggard, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice As full of labour as a wife man's art: For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit; But wise men's folly fall'n *, quite taints their wit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. *Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours. —

* Folly shewn. *L'anmer.*

40 TWELFTH-NIGHT: or, ACT III.

Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, Sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, Lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed!—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.]

S C E N E III.

Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair Princess.

Oli. My servant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: Y' are servant to the Duke Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, 'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;—
I bade you never speak again of him.
But would you undertake another suit,

I'd rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear Lady.

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment, (you did hear),
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you
think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving *

Enough is shewn; a cyprus †, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lyes your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward hoe:—

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship;
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?

Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me what thou think'st
of me?

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right, I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

* *i. e.* To one of your ready apprehension. Warburton.

† *A cyprus* is a transparent stuff. Johnson.

42 TWELFTH-NIGHT: or, Act III.

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon,
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that maugrè all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause;
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus with reason fetter;
Love sought is good; but given, unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone*.
And so adieu, good Madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st
move
That heart which now abhors to like his love.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to an Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir
Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours
to the Duke's servant man, than ever she bestow'd
on me. I saw't i' th' orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell
me that?

* *Save I alone.* These three words Sir Thomas Ham-
mer gives to Viola probably enough. *Johnson.*

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an afs o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your fight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint; you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my Lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour; challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write in a martial hand; be curs'd and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will ly in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in England; set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in

44 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, ACT III.

thy ink, though thou write with a goose pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

S C E N E V.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yond gull Malvolio is turned Heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be fav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' th' church—I have dogg'd him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I drop'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Changes to the Street.**Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.*

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
(More sharp than filed steel), did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (tho' so much,
As might have drawn one * to a longer voyage);
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable; my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Anthonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks;
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the relicks of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir; best, first, go see your
lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his gallies,
I did some service, of such note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel

* I believe we should read, "drawn *me*." Revival.

Might well have given us bloody argument :
 It might have since been answer'd in repaying
 What we took from them, which, for traffic's sake,
 Most of our city did. Only myself stood out ;
 For which, if I be laps'd in this place,
 I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me : hold, Sir, here's my purse.
 In the south suburbs at the *Elephant*
 Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,
 Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your know-
 ledge

With viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
 You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
 I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
 An hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant*.——

Seb. I do remember:

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Olivia's House.

Enter Olivia, and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him ; he says he'll come ;
 How shall I feast him ? what bestow on him ?
 For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or bor-
 I speak too loud.—— [row'd.]

Where is Malvolio ? he is sad and civil,
 And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
 Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, Madam ; but in very strange
 He is sure possess'd, Madam. [manner.]

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but smile :
 your Ladyship were best to have some guard about
 you, if he come ; for sure the man is tainted in
 his wits.

Oli. Go, call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, Lady? I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of it? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is; *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why? how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know that sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why dost thou smile so, and kisse thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request?

Yes, nightingales answer daws!

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my Lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness;—'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great——

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some achieve greatness——

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them——

Oli. Heav'n restore thee!

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings.——

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wist'd to see thee cross-garter'd——

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

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Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is a very midsummer madness,

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your Ladyship's pleasure:

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle Toby? let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for half of my dowry.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

Mal. Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. Cast thy humble slough, says she;—be opposite with a kinsman,—surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity:—and consequently sets down the manner how; as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her; but 't is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! and when she went away now, let this fellow be look'd to: fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—what can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did I not tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have a care of him:

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? what! man, defy the devil; consider he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La, you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart.——Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wife woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My Lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, Mistress?

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee hold thy peace; that is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock; how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?——

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What! man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang yourselves all: you are idle shallow things; I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, 'till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

S C E N E X.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay is't; I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

[*Sir Toby reads.*]

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so; for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my

sight she uses thee kindly ; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter- I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense- less..

Sir To. *I will way-lay thee going home, where, if it be thy chance to kill me——*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. *Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o' th' windy side of the law : good.

Sir To. *Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls : he may have mercy upon mine *, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,*

Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot : I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't : he is now in some commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum bailiff ; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw ; and, as thou drawest, swear horribly ; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter ; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding ; his employment between his Lord and my niece confirms no less ; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth ; he will find that it comes from a clodpole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth ; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour ; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it), into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill,

* It were much to be wished that Shakespeare, in this and some other passages, had not ventured so near profaneness. *Johnson.*

fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

S C E N E X I.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them way 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*]

Oli. I've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong, potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion
Goes on my master's grief. [*bears,*]

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture:
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That, honour sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E X I I.

Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interpreter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end; dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [*Exit Sir Toby.*]

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read

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him by his form, as you are like to find in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago: I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all; and he gives me the stuck—in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; stand here, make a good shew on't.—This shall end without the perdition of souls; marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*]

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil. [*To Fabian.*]

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he had better be thought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for

the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't.

[*They draw.*]

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath!

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; if this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*]

Sir To. You, Sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, Sir, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your sword up if you please.

[*To Sir Andrew,*]

Sir And. Marry will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word.—He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Offic.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Offic.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Duke Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, Sir.

1 *Offic.* No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well.

Tho' now you have no sea-cap on your head.

—Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.

What will you do? now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you,

Than what befalls myself: you stand amaz'd,

But be of comfort,

2 Offic. Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, Sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,

And part being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something; my having is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you:

Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man,

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Than lying, vainness, babling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh, heav'ns themselves!——

2 Offic. Come, Sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,

And to his image, which, methought, did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Offic. What's that to us?—the time goes by—away.

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this god!

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Offic. The man grows mad, away with him.
—Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit Antonio with Officers.*]

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself—so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither,
Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most
sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass. Even such, and so
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love.

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a
coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in
leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying
him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious
in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw
thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not— [*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing
yet. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Street.**Enter Sebastian and Clown.**Clown.*

WILL you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario, nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly!—he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney. I pr'ythee now ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek*, depart from me; there's money for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth thou hast an open hand; these wise men that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

[Striking Sebastian.]

* Greek was as much as to say, bawd or pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdyhouse was called *Corinth*, and the frequenters of it, *Corinthians*, which words occur frequently in Shakespeare, especially in *Timon of Athens*, and *Henry IVth*.

Warburton.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there :
are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir Andrew.*]

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er
the house.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady strait : I would not
be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit Clown.*]

Sir To. Come on, Sir ; hold. [*Holding Sebastian.*]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way
to work with him ; I'll have an action of battery
against him, if there be any law in Illyria ; tho' I
struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come Sir, I will not let you go. Come,
my young foldier, put up your iron ; you are well
flesh'd : come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst
thou now ? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw
thy sword.

Sir To. What, what ? nay, then, I must have an
ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby ; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam ?

Oli. Will it be ever thus ? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves
Where manners ne'er were preach'd : out of my
Be not offended, dear Cesario :— [*sigh!*]
Rudesby, be gone ! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent *
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

* *Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby
goods are seized for the king. It is therefore taken, here,
for violence in general. *Johnson.*

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May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go:
Do not deny; beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep,
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pray: 'would thou'dst be rul'd
by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

An Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and
this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas
the curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the
whilst. [Exit Maria.]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my-
self in't; and I would I were the first that ever
dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough
to become the function well; nor lean enough to
be thought a good student; but to be said an honest
man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as
to say a careful man * and a great scholar. The
competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove blefs thee, Mr Parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby; for as the old hermit
of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very witi-
tily said to a niece of King Gorboduck, that that
is, is: so I being Mr Parson, am Mr Parson; for
what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,—peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

* A graceful man. *Warb. Hammer.*

Mal. Who calls there? [*Malvolio within.*]

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my Lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou of nothing but ladies?

Sir To. Well said, Master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fy, thou dishonest Sathan; I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as baricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest; I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a wood-

62 TWELFTH-NIGHT: or, A^{ct} IV.

cock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam.
Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters*.

Mal. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were: for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. *[Exit with Maria.]*

S C E N E IV.

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my Lady does. *[Singing.]*

Mal. Fool——

Clo. My Lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool——

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say.

Clo. She loves another——who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr Malvolio.

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

* A phrase taken from the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief. *Warburton.*

I rather think this expression borrowed from sportsmen, and relating to the qualifications of a complete spaniel. *Johnson.*

Mal. They have here propertied me * ; keep me in darkness, fend ministers to me, assies, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say : the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heav'ns restore : endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas——

Clo. Maintain † no words with him, good fellow.——

Who, I, Sir ? not I, Sir. God b'w'you, good Sir Topas——

Marry, amen.——I will, Sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir ? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper ; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day—that you were, Sir !

Mal. By this hand I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light ; and convey what I set down to my Lady : it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit ?

Mal. Believe me I am not : I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree ; I pr'ythee be gone.

* They have taken possession of me, as of a man unable to look to himself. *Johnson.*

† Here the Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas.——*I will, Sir, I will*, is spoken after a pause, as if, in the mean time, Sir Topas had whispered. *Johnson.*

64 TWELFTH-NIGHT: or, Act IV.

Clo. *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir, [Singing.
I'll be with you again
In a trice, like to the old vice *,
Your need to sustain:
Who with dagger of lath in his rage, and his wrath,
Gries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, good man. drivell.* [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Changes to another Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air, that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit †,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;—
For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust ‡, but that I'm mad;
Or else the lady's mad: yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her fol-
lowers,

* *Vice was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are still preserved in puppet-shows, and by country mummers. Johnson.*

† *I very much suspect that the Poet wrote;
——— and there I found this credent. Johnson.*

‡ *To any other belief, or confidence, to any other fixed opinion. Johnson.*

SC. I. WHAT YOU WILL. 65

Take and give back affairs, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here she comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: if you mean
well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having sworn truth*, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and hea-
v'n's so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fabian.

NOW, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Mr Fabian, grant me another
request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence
desire my dog again.

* Truth is fidelity. Johnson.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now, my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses †, if your four negatives make your two-affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me. There's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplet, Sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

† I imagine, the Poet wrote;

So that, conclusion to be asked, is. Warburton.

* When in this play he mentioned the *bed of Ware*, he recollected that the scene was in Illyria, and added in *England*; but his sense of the same impropriety could not restrain him from the bells of St Bennet.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw ; if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir ; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness ; but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, and I will awake it anon.

[*Exit Clown.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well ;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoak of war :
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the
matter ?

1 Offic. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy ;
And this is he that did the Tyger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir ; drew on my side :
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me ;
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino, noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me :
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate ;

Though I confess, and on base ground enough,
 Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me thither:
 That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
 From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
 Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
 His life I gave him, and did thereto add—
 My love without retention or restraint;
 All his in dedication. For his sake
 Did I expose myself, pure, for his love,
 Into the danger of this adverse town;
 Drew to defend him when he was beset;
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
 Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance;
 And grew a twenty years removed thing,
 While one would wink; deny'd me mine own
 purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my Lord; and for three months
 before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy.
 Both day and night did we keep company.

S C E N E III.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the Countess; now heav'n
 walks on earth.

—But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are mad-
 ness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
 But more of that anon—Take him aside.—

Oli. What would my Lord, but that he may not
 Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? [have,

—Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my
 Lord—

Vio. My Lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my Lord,
It is as fat and fullsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and inauspicious altars

My soul the faithfull'st offerings has breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Oli. Ev'n what it please my Lord, that shall be-
come him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do't,
Like to th' Egyptian thief*, at point of death
Kill what I love? (a savage jealousy,
That sometimes favours nobly): but hear me this;
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marbled-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by Heav'n I swear I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

* This Egyptian thief was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear, and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave; and, calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answer'd towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plung'd his sword into her breast. *Heliod. Aethiop. Hist.*

70 TWELFTH-NIGHT: or, A&V.

Where he sits crowned in his master's spight,
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mis-
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, [chief:

To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [*Duke going.*
Vio. And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[*Following.*

Oli. Where goes Cefario?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life;
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

If I do feign, you witnesses above

Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you
wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away.

[*To Viola.*

Oli. Whither, my Lord? Cefario, husband, stay,

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my Lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
Fear not, Cefario, take thy fortunes up:
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe), what thou dost know
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
 Since when, my watch hath told me tow'rd my grave
 I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
 When time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy case?
 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
 That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
 Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do protest——

Oli. O, do not swear;
 Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear!

S C E N E IV.

Enter Sir Andrew, with his Head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God a surgeon, and send
 one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-crofs, and given
 Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of
 God your help. I had rather than forty pound I
 were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one Cesario;
 we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil
 incarnadine.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is.—You broke
 my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set
 on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
 You drew your sword upon me without cause;
 But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have
 hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody cox-
 comb. Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall
 hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he
 would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, above an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure Painim. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will you help an afs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt Clo. Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

S C E N E V.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinsman: But had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety.

[*All stand in amaze.*]

You throw a strange regard on me, by which I do perceive it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

A nat'ral perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio!

Ant. How have you made division of yourself? An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother; Nor can there be that deity in my nature,

Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too:
So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, "Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!"

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day, when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul;
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am Viola; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where ly my maids weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd † to serve this noble Duke.
All th' occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook;
[*To Olivia.*

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
You are betroth'd both to a maid, and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd: right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

† I was *preferr'd*. Revisal.

74 TWELFTH-NIGHT: or, Act V.

I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

—Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,

[To Viola.

Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire,
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maids garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my Lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman! he's much distract.

S C E N E VI.

Enter the Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own,
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, firrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds Beelzebub at the
stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do:
h'as here writ a letter to you; I should have given't
you to-day morning. But as a madman's epistles
are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are
deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool
delivers the madman—*By the Lord, Madam—*

[Reads.

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madness: an
your Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you
must allow *vox* *.

* Perhaps we should read, "you must allow *for't*,"
i. e. you must make the proper allowances for the con-
dition he is in. *Revisal.*

Oli. Pr'ythee read it i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, Madona; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my Princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, firrah.

[*To Fabian.*

Fab. reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken uncle rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your own letter, that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame: think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

The madly us'd Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife;
One day shall crown th' alliance on't *, so please
Here at my house, and at my proper cost. [*you,*

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.

Your master quits you; and for your service done him,

So much against the metal of your sex, [*To Viola.*
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding;
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister, you are she.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this same: how now, Malvolio?

* *Alliance, an't so please you. Revival.*

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you, peruse that letter. You must not now deny it is your hand. Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase; Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention; You can say none of this. Well, grant it then, And tell me in the modesty of honour, Why you have given me such clear lights of favour, Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you, To put on yellow stockings, and to frown Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people: And acting thus in an obedient hope, Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, And made the most notorious geck and gull That e'er invention play'd on? tell me, why?

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing, Tho', I confess, much like the character: But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand. And now I do bethink me, it was she First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st thou smiling,

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd † Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee, be content; This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee; But when we know the grounds and authors of it, Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me speak; And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come, Taint the condition of this present hour, Which I have wond'red at. In hope it shall not, Most freely I confess myself and Sir Toby Set this device against Malvolio here, Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;

† i. e. previously pointed out to thee, in such a manner as to deceive thee. *Revised.*

In recompence whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.* I was one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, Sir; but that's all one:—*by the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*—but do you remember, Madam,—*why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:* and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—*Cesario, come;*
(For so you shall be, while you are a man;)
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*]

Clown sings.

*When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.*

*But when I came unto my beds,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
 For the rain, &c.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
 With hey, ho, &c.*

*But that's all one, our play is done;
 And we'll strive to please you every day.*

[Exit *.]

* This play is, in the graver part, elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes, exquisitely humorous. Ague-check is drawn with great propriety; but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is, therefore, not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life. *Johnson.*



T H E
M E R R Y W I V E S
O F
W I N D S O R.



Dramatis Personæ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, a country justice.

SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.

Mr PAGE, } two gentlemen, dwelling at Windsor.
Mr FORD, }

Sir HUGH EVANS, a Welch parson.

Dr CAIUS, a French doctor.

Host of the Garter.

BARDOLPH.

PISTOL.

NYM.

ROBIN, page to Falstaff.

WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Mr. Page.

SIMPLE, servant to Slender.

RUGBY, servant to Dr Caius.

Mrs PAGE.

Mrs FORD.

Mrs ANNE PAGE, daughter to Mr. Page, in love with
Fenton.

Mrs QUICKLY, servant to Dr Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor: and the parts adjacent.

T H E
M E R R Y W I V E S *
O F
W I N D S O R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Before Page's House in Windsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shallow.

SIR Hugh, persuade me not. I will make a Star-chamber matter of it. If he were twenty Sir John Falstuffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esq;

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *custalorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson, who writes himself *armiger*•

* Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in the two parts of Henry IV. that, as Mr Rowe informs us, she commanded Shakespeare to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. To this command we owe the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: which, Mr Gildon says, he was very well assured our author finished in a fortnight. But this must be meant only of the first imperfect sketch of this comedy, an old quarto edition whereof I have seen, printed in 1602; which says, in the title-page—*As it hath been divers times acted both before her Majesty and elsewhere.* Pope. Theobald.

in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white laces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The lace is the fresh fish, the salt-fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three shirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one; if Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements upon you, I am of the church, and would be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good discretions with it; there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and silver, is her grandfire up-

on his death's bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection), give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Slén. Did her grandfire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slén. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Shal. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Slén. Well; let us see honest Mr Page: is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-wishers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for Master Page. What, hoa? Got blefs your house here.

S C E N E II.

Enter Mr Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's blessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here's young Master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your Worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart: I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Mistress Page? and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slén. How does your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsale.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

Shal. That he will not—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault—'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some fort confes it.

Shal. If it be confes'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, Master Page? He hath wrong'd me—indeed he hath—at a word, he hath—believe me—Robert Shallow, Esq; faith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

S C E N E III.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the council?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait: I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if 'twere not known in council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your coney-catching-rascals †, Bardolph Nym and Pistol.

† A coney-catcher was, in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or sharper. *Johnson.*

Bar. You Banbury cheese?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: slice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you; now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page; *fidelicet*, Master Page; and there is myself; *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my note book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol——

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phraze is this, he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Mr Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else), of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!——Sir John, and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilboe:

Word of denial in thy Labra's here;

Word of denial. Froth and scum, thou ly'st,

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours: I will say *marry trap* with you, if you run the base

* The name of a spirit or familiar. *Warton.*

humour on me ; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat then, he in the red face had it ; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an afs.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John*?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses : fy, what the ignorance is !

Bard. And being sap, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd ; and so conclusions past the car-cires†.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too ; but 'tis no matter ; I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick : if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen ; you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page, with wine.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in ; we'll drink within. *[Exit Anne Page.]*

Slen. O heav'n ! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Enter Mistress Ford, and Mistress Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford ?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth you are very well met : by your leave, good mistress.

[Kissing her.]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome : come, we have a hot venison patty to dinner : come, gentlemen ; I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt Fal. Page, &c.]

* The names of two of Robin Hood's companions.

Warburton.

† I believe this strange word is nothing but the French *cariere*, and the expression means, that the common bounds of good behaviour were overpassed. *Johnson.*

S C E N E IV.

Manent Shallow, Evans, and Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple, where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come coz; we stay for you: a word with you, coz: marry this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here; do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple tho' I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it, to Mrs Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the woman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mind*; therefore precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

* Parcel of the mouth. *Revisal.*

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz; can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another. I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but if you say marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion answer, save the fall is in th' ort *dissolutely*: the ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely*; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be bang'd, la.

S C E N E V.

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne: 'would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your Worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will, I will not be absence at the grace. [*Ex. Shallow and Evans.*]

Anne. Will't please your Worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.

Go, firrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Ex. Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit 'till you come.

Slender. I faith I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slender. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day, with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneys for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears in the town?

Anne. I think there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slender. I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slender. That's meat and drink to me now; I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it past*: but women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slender. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not chuse, Sir; come, come.

Slender. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

* *It past*, or *this passes*, was a way of speaking customary heretofore, to signify the excess, or extraordinary degree of any thing. Warburton.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly I will not go first, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Re-enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Claus' house which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it is a woman that altogether acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page; and the letter is to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Garter-inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter.—

Host. What says my bully Rock? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules, cashier; let them wag: trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an Emperor, Cæsar, Keifar and Pheafar. I will entertain Bardolph, he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit Host.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man a fresh tapster; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive. [*Exit Bard.*]

Pist. O base Hungarian wight, wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink; is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's * rest.

Pist. Convey, the wife it call: steal? foh; a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must coney-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: indeed, I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discouries, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be englished right, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath study'd her well, and translated her well, out of honesty into English.

* Our author probably wrote, at a *minim's* rest. Johnf.

Nym. The anchor * is deep; will that humour pass?

Fal. Now the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse: she hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious oeilaid; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here's another letter to her; she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater † to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour; here take the humour-letter, I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, firrah, bear you these letters tightly, Sail like my pinnacle to these golden shores.

[To Robin.
Rogues, hence, avaunt; vanish like hail-stones, go; Trudge, pld away o' th' hoof, seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Ex.* Falstaff and Boy.

* A cask or barrel.

† By which is meant *Escheatours*, an officer in the exchequer, in no good repute with the common people.

Warburton.

S C E N E VIII.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts; for gourd and Fullam* holds:

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Tetter I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By Welkin, and her star.

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.

Pist. And I to Page shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool; I will incense Ford to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness; for the revolt of mien † is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of male-contents: I second thee; troop on. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX.

Changes to Dr Caius's House.

Enter Mrs Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Quic. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming; if he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.

[Exit Rugby.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I war-

* Fullam is a cant-term for false dice:—gourd, another instrument of gaming. *Warb.*

† This revolt of mine. *Pope.*

rant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate; his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but no body but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-colour'd * beard.

Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warren†.

Quic. How say you? oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans, I'll do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I will—

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent; run in here, good young man; go into this closet; [*shuts Simple in the closet.*] he will not stay long. What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say; go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well that he comes not home: *and down, down, a-down-a, &c.* [*Sings.*

S C E N E X.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys; prey you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd* †; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

* Cain and Judas, in the tapestries and pictures of old, were represented with yellow beards. *Theobald.*

† A case of surgeons instruments. *Dr Gray.*

Quic Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.
I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found
the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

[*Aside.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma-foi, il fait fort chaud; je
m'en vaie à la cour——la grande affaire.*

Quic Is it this, Sir?

Caius. *Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; dépêchez,*
quickly, ver is dat knave Rugby?

Quic. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack
Rugby; come, take-a your rapier, and come after
my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: od's me!
Qu' ay j' oublie? dere is some simples in my closet,
dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there,
and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet? vil-
laine, Larron! Rugby, my rapier.

[*Pulls Simple out of the closet.*

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quic The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet?
dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear
the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from
parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue.—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your
maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page
for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quic This is all, indeed-la but I'll never put
my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh fend-a-you? Rugby, *baillez* me
some paper; tarry you a little while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy. — But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor my master, (I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my self.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. — But notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page; but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give a-this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge: I will cut his throat in de parke, and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make — you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*]

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do you not tell a-me, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? by gar, I will kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarterre to measure our weapon; by gar I will myself have Anne Page.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate; what, the goujere!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me; — by gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door: — follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Ex. Caius and Rugby.*]

Quic. You shall have *An* fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that; never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. within.] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the house, I pray you.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Mr Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman, how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread;—we had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing; but for you—Well—go to——

Fent. Well, I shall see her to day. Hold, there's money for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou seest her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now.

[Exit.]

Quic. Farewell to your Worship. Truly, an honest gentleman, but Anne loves him not; I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot?

[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Before Page's House.**[Enter Mrs Page, with a letter.**Mrs Page.*

WHAT, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see:

*Ask me no reason why I love you; for tho' love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor *. You are not young, no more am I: go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me:*

*By me, thine own true Knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.*

John Falstaff,

What a Herod of Jewry is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! what unweigh'd behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd, i'th' devil's name, out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth—heav'n

* This is obscure; but the meaning is, *tho' love permit reason to tell what is fit to be done, he seldom follows its advice.* Warburton.

Perhaps Falstaff said, *though love use reason as his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor.* Johnson.

forgive me—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

S C E N E II.

Enter Mrs Ford.

Mrs Ford. Mrs Page, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs Page. And trust me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say I could shew you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mrs Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs Page. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—these knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs Ford. We burn day-light—here, read—read—perceive how I might be knighted—I shall think the worse of fat-men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens liking; and yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep pace together, than the hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest I throw, threw this whale, with so many ton of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? how shall I be reveng'd on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked

fire of lust have melted him in his own grease—
Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank-space for different names; nay, more; and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and ly under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs Ford. Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words: what doth he think of us?

Mrs Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some stain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs Ford. Boarding, call it you? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. Oh that my husband saw this letter! it would give him eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs Page. Why, look where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [They retire.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail* dog in some affairs.

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry, Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou,
like Sir Ateon, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels—
O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: farewell.

Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by
night.

Take heed ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds af-
fright.

Away, Sir corporal Nym †.—

Believe it, Page, he speaks sense. [*Exit Pistol.*

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of
lying; he hath wrong'd me in some humours: I
should have born the humour'd letter to her; but I
have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity—
He loves your wife; there's the short and the long.

—My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I
avouch; 'tis true—my name is Nym, and Falstaff
loves your wife.—Adieu; I love not the humour
of bread and cheese: adieu. [*Exit Nym.*

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fel-
low frights humour out of its wits.

* That is, a dog that misses his game. *Johnson.*

† *Nym*, I believe, is out of place, and we should
read thus:

Away, Sir corporal.

Nym. Believe it, Page, he speaks sense. *Johnson.*

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it : well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, tho' the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow—well.

S C E N E IV.

Mrs Page and Mrs Ford come forward.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs Page. Whither go you, George?—hark you.

Mrs Ford. How now, sweet Frank, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy ! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head now—Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look who comes yonder : she shall be our messenger to this poultry knight.

[Aside to Mrs Ford.]

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs Ford. Trust me I thought on her, she'll fit it

Mrs Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quic. Ay, forsooth ; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs Page. Go in with us and see ; we have an hour's talk with you.

[Ex. Mrs Page, Mrs Ford, and Mrs Quickly.]

S C E N E V.

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes ; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves ; I do not think the Knight would offer it ; but these that accuse him

in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke [of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he ly at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it ly on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing ly on my head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine host?

S C E N E VI.

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, bully Rock? thou'rt a gentleman; cavaliero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good Master Page. Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him, bully Rock.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' th' Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully Rock?

[They go a little aside.]

Shal. to Page.] Will you go with us to behold it? my merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the par-

son is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Brook*; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully. Thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be *Brook*. It is a merry knight. Will you go anheirs*?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passés, stoccado's, and I know not what. 'Tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.*]

Ford. Tho' Page be a secure fool, and stand so firmly on his wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, which

* Perhaps we should read, "Will you go on, hearts?"
Revised.

I with sword will open.—I will retort the sum in equipage †.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good foldiers and tall fellows. And when Mrs Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you.—Go.—A short knife and a throng—to your manor of *Pickt-hatch* *.—Go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red lettuce phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: what would'st thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

† i. e. I will pay you again in stolen goods. *Warb.*

* A noted place for thieves and pickpockets. *Theob.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Mrs Quickly.

Quic. Give your Worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not so, and 't please your Worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be sworn, as my mother was the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer; what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your Worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one Mistress Ford, Sir—I pray, come a little nearer this ways—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say——

Quic. Your Worship says very true: I pray your Worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee nobody hears—mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? Heav'n bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford,—what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton: well, Heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray——

Fal. Mistress Ford,—come, Mistress Ford;——

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all musk; and so rusling, I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart: and, I warrant you, they could

never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning ; but I defy all angels in any such sort as they say, but in the way of honesty.—And, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all. And yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners ; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me ? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times ; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth : and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of—Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas ! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealousy man ; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven : woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your Worship. Mistress Page has her hearty commendations to you too ; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other ; and she bade me tell your Worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but, she hopes, there will come a time I never knew a woman so doat upon a man ; surely, I think you have charms, la ; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee ; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't !

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this ; has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me ?

Quic. That were a jest indeed ; they have not so little grace, I hope ; that were a trick, indeed !

but Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, truly she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[Exeunt Quickly and Robin.]

Pist. This pink is one of Cupid's carriers:

Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them
all!

[Exit Pistol.]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways—
I'll make more of thy old body than I have done
—will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after
the expence of so much money, be now a gainer?
Good body, I thank thee; let them say 'tis grossly
done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below
would fain speak with you, and be acquainted
with you; and hath sent your Worship a morning's
draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit Bardolph.*] such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow with such liquor. Ah! ah! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to, *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguised.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours; not to charge you, for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do ly open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook, I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar; (I will be brief with you); and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfections; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof

the easier ; sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, Sir ; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her ; and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her ; follow'd her with a doating observance ; engross'd opportunities to meet her ; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her ; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given : briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel ; that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this ;

" Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues ;

" Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then ?

Ford. Like a fair house built upon another man's ground ; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I have erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me ?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose : you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authen-

tic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it; spend more, spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattel'd against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Matter Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me; I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave; I know him not; yet I wrong him to call him poor: they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to be well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly-rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue: I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt ly with his wife.—Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style: thou, Master Brook, shall know him for knave and cuckold.—Come to me soon at night.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E X.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made; would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer well; Barbason well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass, he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aquavita bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself. Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she

devises : and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my jealousy !—Eleven o'clock the hour—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it—better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fy, fy, fy; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold ! [Exit.]

S C E N E XI.

Changes to Windsor Park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby !

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack ?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has fave his foul, dat he is no come ; he has pray his Bible well, dat he is no come : by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir : he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar de herring is not so dead as me vill make him. Take your rapier, Jack ; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villan-a, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear ; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good Mr Doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for ?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy punto, thy flock, thy reverse,

thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully, what says my Aesculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack Priest of de-world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalian-king-Urinal: Hector of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witness, that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Mr Doctor; he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr Page, though I now be old, and of peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one; though we are justices, and doctors, and church-men, Mr Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Mr Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr Page. Mr Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have shew'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, Mr Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Monsieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Host. Mockwater, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman scurvy-jack-dog-priest; by gar me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully.—But first, Mr Guest, and Mr Page, and eek Cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there; see what humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr Doctor.

[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow and Slender.]

Caius. By gar me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die; but first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house, a feasting; and thou shalt wooe her. Cry aim; said I well?

Caius. By gar me tank you vor dat: by gar I love you; and I shall procure 'a you de good guest; de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Frogmore near Windsor.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Evans.

I Pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which

way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physic*?

Sim. Marry, Sir, the Pitty-wary, the Park-ward, every way, old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul, how full of cholars I am, and tremping of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceiv'd me; how melanchollies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Pless my soul!

[*Sings, being afraid.*

By shallow rivers, to whose falls

Melodious birds sing madrigalls;

There will we make our peds of roses,

And a thousand vagrant posies.

By shallow——'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. *Melodious birds sing madrigalls*——*When as I sat in Pablon;*——*and a thousand vagrant posies.*——*By shallow, &c.*

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome. *By shallow rivers, to whose falls*——

Heav'n prosper the right! what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir; there comes my master, Mr Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms.

S C E N E II.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender.

Shal. How now, Master Parson? good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slend. Ah sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy-sake, all of you.

Shal. What, the sword and the word? do you study them both, Mr Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Mr Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. God's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a meis of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen; and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you he's the man should fight with him.

Sen. O sweet Anne Page!

S C E N E III.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so by his weapons.—Keep them asunder—here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good Mr Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear: wherefore vil you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you use your patience. In good time.

Caius. By gar you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you let us not be laughing-stocks to other mens humours. I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cog-comb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!* Jack Rugby, mine host de Jarterre, have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christian's soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch, soul-curer, and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace. Follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* Shal. Slen, Page and Host.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a de-sot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-stog. I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scald scurvy cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar with all my heart; he promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you follow.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

*The Street, in Windsor.**Enter Mistress Page and Robin.*

Mrs Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page; whither go you?

Mrs Page. Truly, Sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff?

Mrs Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is such a league between my good man and he.—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs Page. By your leave, Sir.—I am sick 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs Page and Robin.*]

S C E N E V.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point

blank twelve-score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind—and Falstaff's boy with her!—good plots—they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Acteon, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

S C E N E VI.

(To him) *Enter* Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Mr Ford.

Slen. And so must I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Mr Slender; I stand wholly for you; but my wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me; my nurf-a-Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young Mr Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-day †, he smells April and

† *That is,* His conversation inspires mirth and festivity, such as would become a holiday. *Revised.*

May; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having, he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins. He is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Mr Doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Mr Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well, we shall have the freer wooing at Mr Page's.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby, I come anon.

Host. Farewell, my hearts; I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink Canary with him.

Ford. aside.] I think I shall drink in Pipe-wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Ford's House.

Enter Mrs Ford, Mrs Page, and Servants with a basket.

Mrs Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs Page. Quickly! quickly: is the buck-basket——

Mrs Ford. I warrant.——What, Robin, I say.

Mrs Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs Ford. Here set it down.

Mrs Page. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-

house, and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whiffers in Datchet-Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs Page. You will do it?

Mrs Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs Ford. How now, my Eyas-musket †, what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mrs Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn; my master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs Ford. Do so; go tell thy master I am alone; Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit Rob.*]

Mrs Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, his me. [*Exit Mrs Page.*]

Mrs Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pompion—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

† A young sparrow-hawk. *Warburton.*

Mrs Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog; I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs Ford. I your lady, Sir John? alas, I should be a pittul lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire valiant, or any Venetian attire.

Mrs Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so; thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-many of these lipping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklers-Bury in simpling time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love Mrs Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs Ford. Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs Ford. Nay, I must tell you so you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. within.] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford, here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs Ford. Pray you do so; she's a very tattling woman.
[*Falstaff hides himself.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Mistress Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? you're sham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs Page. What cause of suspicion?—out upon you!—how am I mistook in you?

Mrs Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that, he says, is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs Ford. Speak louder [*Aside.*].—'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs Page. Pray heav'n it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs Ford. What shall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs Page. For shame, never stand you had rather,

and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance, in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting time, send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't; O let me see't. I'll in, I'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel.—I'll in.

Mrs Page. What! Sir John Falstaff? are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee—Help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs Page. Help to cover your master, boy;—call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs Ford. What, John, Robert, John, go take up these cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowlstaff? Look, how you drumble: carry them to the landrefs in Datched-mead; quickly, come.

S C E N E X.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landrefs, forsooth.

Mrs Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck. Buck, buck, buck? ay buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*]

dream'd to night, I'll tell you my dream. Here here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out; I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. So now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented; you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France——

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E XI.

Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir John.

Mrs Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal; I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here. I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff; his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow by eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, and the rest at a distance.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the knave brag'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs Page. Heard you that?

Mrs Ford. I, I; peace:—You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs Ford. Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Mr Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, Heav'n forgive my sins at the day of judgment?

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, Mr Ford, are you not ashamed? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor-castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a bad conscience; your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well—I promis'd you a dinner—Come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth—for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XII.

Changes to Page's House.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love ;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas ! how then ?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object I am too great of birth ;
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.

Besides these, other bars he lays before me,

My riots past, my wild societies ;

And tells me 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heav'n so speed me in my time to come !

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne ;

Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value

Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags ;

And 'tis the very riches of thyself

That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr Fenton,

Yet seek my father's love ; still seek it, Sir :

If importunity and humblest suit

Cannot attain it, why then—hark you hither.

[*Fenton and Mistress Anne go apart.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly ; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't; 'd'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me : I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Quic. Hark you, Mr Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Look handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

Quic. And how does good Mr Fenton? pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come, cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; she calls you, coz. I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender.

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heart-lings, that's a pretty jest, indeed: I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heav'n; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heav'n praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have

made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell how things go, better than I can; you may ask your father, here he comes.

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.

—Why, how now? what does Master Fenton here? You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.

Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.]

Quic. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce against all checks, rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love,

And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.

Quic. That's my master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' th' earth, And bow'd to death with turnips.

Mrs Page. Come, trouble not yourself; good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you, And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then, farewell, Sir—she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry.

[Exeunt Mrs Page and Anne.]

Fent. Farewell, gentle Mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on Master Fenton—This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night, give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains. *[Exit.]*

Quic. Now heav'n send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath; a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne, or I would Mr Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Mr Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd; and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously for Mr Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses; what a beast am I to slack it? *[Exit.]*

S C E N E XV.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't.
[Ex. Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket like a barrow of butchers' offal, and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'th' litter; and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing should I have been when

I had been swell'd? I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter Bardolph.

Now, is the sack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs Quickly, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

S C E N E XVI.

Enter Mrs Quickly.

Quic. By your leave—I cry your mercy. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these challices: go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford? I have had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish woman's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

S C E N E XVII.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Master Brook.

Ford. How, Sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forthwith, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you was there?

Fal. While I was there?

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach, and by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings and greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the

rankeſt compound of villainous ſmell, that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there ?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, Maſter Brook, what I have ſuffer'd, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cram'd in the baſket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their miſtreſs, to carry me, in the name of foul cloaths, to Datchet-lane ; they took me on their ſhoulders, met the jealous knave their maſter in the door, who aſk'd them once or twice what they had in their baſket ; I quak'd for fear, leſt the lunatic knave would have ſearch'd it ; but fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the ſequel, Maſter Brook ; I ſuffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths : firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather ; next to be compaſs'd, like a good bilbo *, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head ; and then to be ſtopt in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths that fretted in their own greaſe : think of that, a man of my kidney ; think of that, that am as ſubject to heat as butter ; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw ; it was a miracle to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe, like a Dutch diſh, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd glowing hot, in that ſurge, like a horſe ſhoe ; think of that ; hisſing hot ; think of that, Maſter Brook.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, Sir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you have ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit is then deſperate ; you'll undertake her no more ?

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her huſband is this morning gone a-birding ; I have receiv'd from her another embaſſy of meeting ; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Maſter Brook.

* A bilbo is a Spaniſh blade, of which the excellence is flexibility and elasticity. *Johnson.*

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her; adieu; you shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. *[Exit.]*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, Master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am; I will now take the leacher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Page's House.

Enter Mrs Page, Mrs Quickly, and William.

Mrs Page.

IS he at Mr Ford's already, think'st thou?
Quic. Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mrs Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh, no school to-day?

Eva. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing on his heart!

Mrs Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you ask him some questions in his *Accidence*.

Eva. Come hither, William—hold up your head,—come.

Mrs Page. Come on, sirrah, hold up your head. Answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly I thought there had been one number more, because they say, *od's nouns*.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher*.

Quic. Poulcats? there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*: I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good William: what is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *singulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusative, hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusative, hung, hang, hog*.

Quic. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case*, William?

Will. O, *vocativo, O*.

Eva. Remember, William, *focative is caret*.

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive, horum, harum, horum.*

Quic. 'Vengeance of Giney's case; fy on her!
never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child such words:
he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll
do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum;
fy upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunacies? hast thou no un-
derstanding for thy cases, and the numbers of the
genders? thou art as foolish christian creatures as
I would desire.

Mrs Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions
of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth I have forgot.

Eva. It is, *ki, kæ, cod*; if you forget your *kies*,
your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches: go
your ways and play, go.

Mrs Page. He is a better scholar than I thought
he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell
Mrs Page.

Mrs Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. Get you home,
boy. Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Changes to Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my
sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love,
and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only,
Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in
all the accoustrement, compliment, and ceremony
of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs Page, within.] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Enter Mrs Page.

Mrs Page. How now, sweet heart, who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs Page. Indeed?

Mrs Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder. [*Aside.*]

Mrs Page. Truly I am so glad you have no body here

Mrs Ford. Why?

Mrs Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns again; he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carry'd out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs Page. Hard by, at street's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs Ford. I am undone, the knight is here.

Mrs Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' th' basket : may I not go out, ere he come ?

Mrs Page. Alas ! alas ! three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip away ere he came — But what make you here ?

Fal. What shall I do ? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces ; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it ?

Mrs Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note ; there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him ?

Mrs Page. Alas-the-day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him ; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good heart, devise something ; any extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brainford, has a gown above.

Mrs Page. On my word it will serve him ; she's as big as he is, and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John ; Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight ; put on the gown the while.

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape ; he cannot abide the old woman of

Brainford; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs Page. Heav'n guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of Brainford.

Mrs Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet, we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act, that often jest and laugh:

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draugh.*

Mrs Ford. Go, Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs Page and Mrs Ford.*]

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heav'n it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as lief bear so much lead.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain;—somebody call my wife—youth—In a basket! oh, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me. Now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say;

come, come forth, behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford—you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs Ford.

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir. Come hither, Mistress Ford;—Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs Ford. Heav'n be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes——

Mrs Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs Ford. Why, man, why——

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? in my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable; pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well, Mr Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if

I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, as jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs Ford. What hoa, Mistress Page! come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman; what old woman's that?

Mrs Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brainford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my house? she comes of errands, does she? We are simple men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure; and such dawbry as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs Ford. Nay, good sweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

S C E N E V.

Enter Falstaff in women's cloaths, and Mrs Page.

Mrs Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll Prat her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you runnion! out, out, out. I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*]

Mrs Page. Are you not asham'd? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page Let's obey his humour a little further :
some, gentlemen. *[Exeunt.]*

Mrs Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs Ford. Nay, by th' mass, that he did not ;
he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung
o'er the altar ; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs Ford. What think you ? may we, with the
warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good
conscience, pursue him with any further revenge ?

Mrs Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure,
scar'd out of him ; if the devil have him not in fee-
simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I
think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we
have serv'd him ?

Mrs Page. Yea, by all means ; if it be but to
scrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If
they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous
fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will
still be the ministers.

Mrs Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly
sham'd ; and, methinks, there would be no period
to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs Page. Come to the forge with it, then shape
it : I would not have things cool. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Carter-Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the German desires to have three of
your horses ; the Duke himself will be to-morrow
at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so se-
cretly ? I hear not of him in the court : let me
speak with the gentlemen ; they speak English ?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make
them pay, I'll swace them. They have had my
house a week at command ; I have turn'd away my

other guests; they must come off; I'll sawce them;
come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Ford's House.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs Page, Mrs Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of 'oman; as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou I rather will suspect the sun with cold, [wilt;
Than thee with wantonness; thy honour stands,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well; 'tis well; no more.

Be not as extream in submission, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward; let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fy, fy, he'll never come.

Eva. You say he hath been thrown into the river, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs Ford. Devise but how you'll use him, when he comes;

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still of midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed Eld

Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear,
In deep of night, to walk by this Herne's oak;
But what of this?

Mrs Ford. Marry this is our device,
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.

We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come.
And in this shape when you have brought him thi-
ther,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs Page. That likewise we have thought upon,
and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress

Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,

And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,

Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,

We two, in great amazedness, will fly;

Then let them all encircle him about,

And fairy-like to pinch the unclean knight;

And ask him why, that hour of fairy-revel,

In their so sacred paths he dares to tread

In shape profane?

Mrs Ford. And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him round,

And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,

And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must

Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies;

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy. And in that time Shall Mr Slender steal my Nan away, [*Aside.* And marry her at Eaton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of Brook; he'll tell me all his purpose. Sure he'll come.

Mrs Page. Fear not you that; go, get us properties and tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it; it is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford and Evans.*

Mrs Page. Go, Mrs Ford, Send Quickly to Sir John to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs Ford.*

I'll to the Doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, tho' well landed, is an ideot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he shall have her;
Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to the Carter-Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff, from Mr Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle,

his standing-bed and truckle-bed *; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robb'd; I'll call. Bully-knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian † calls.

Falstaff above.

Fal. How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman: let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable. Fy, privacy? fy.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wise woman of Brainford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell ‡, what would you with her?

Simp. My master, Sir, my master Slender sent to her, seeing her go through the street, to know, Sir, whether one Nym, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man

* The usual furniture of chambers in that time, was a standing bed, under which was a trochle, truckle or running bed. *Johnson.*

† He means to say, *thine Ephesian.*

‡ He calls poor Simple mussel-shell, because he stands with his mouth open. *Johnson.*

that beguil'd Master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir.

Fal. To have her, or no: go; say the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

Eak. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. Thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simple.]

Host. Thou art clarkly, thou art clarkly, Sir John: was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, cozenage? mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire, and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus's.

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain; do not say they are fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o' mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the hosts of Reading, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd; fare you well. [Exit.]

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver' is mine host de Jarterre?

Host. Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me dat you make a grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany; by my trot, der is no duke, dat the court is know, to come. I tell you for good will; adieu. [Exit.]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! assist me, knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! villain, I am undone! [Exit.]

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boats with me. I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as crest-fall'n as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at Primero *. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

* A game at cards. *Johnson.*

S C E N E X.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.*Fal.* The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd. I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.*Quic.* And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.*Fal.* What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brainford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old † woman, deliver'd me: the knave constable had set me i' th' stocks, i' th' common stocks, for a witch.*Quic.* Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? sure one of you does not serve heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.*Fal.* Come up into my chamber.[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XI.

*Enter Fenton and Host.**Host* Master Fenton, talk not to me, my mind is heavy,

I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my purpose,† The text must certainly be restored, a *wood* woman, a crazy, frantic woman; one too wild, and silly, and unmeaning, to have either the malice, or mischievous subtilty of a witch in her. *Theobald.*

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I
will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So far forth as herself might be her chuser)
Ev'n to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the shew of both. Fat Sir John Falstaff
Hath a great scene; the image of the jest

[Shewing a letter.]

I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine host;
To night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eaton
Immediately to marry; she hath consented.—

Now, Sir,

Her mother, ever strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise huffe her away,
While other sports are taking of their minds;
And at the deanry, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her; to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the Doctor.—Now, thus it rests;
Her father means she shall be all in white,
And in that dress, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him.—Her mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,

The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me; And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one, And in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar. Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee; Beside, I'll make a present recompence. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XII.

Re-enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee no more prating. Go. I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lyes in odd numbers. Away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death.—Away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

[*Exit Mistress Quickly.*]

Fal. Away, I say, time wears: hold up your head and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, Master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a wea-

ver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me, I'll tell you all; Master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whip'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow; strange things in hand, Master Brook! follow.—

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Windfor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page.

Come, come; we'll couch i' th' castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slend. Ay, forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry *mum*; she cries *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and spirits will become it well; heav'n prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Caius.

Mrs Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*]

Mrs Page. Fare you well, Sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies, and the Welch devil Evans?

Mrs Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs Ford. The hour draws on; to the oak, to the oak. [Exeunt.]

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come and remember your parts; be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-words, do as I bid you; come, come; trib, trib. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve, the minute draws on: now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast: you were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda: Oh, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose? A fault done first in the form of a beast, — O Jove, a beastly fault in the semblance of a fowl: — think on't, Jove, a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? for

me, I am here a Windsor stag, and the fattest, I think, i' th' forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to pils my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe' with the black scut? let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green-Sleeves; hail-killing-connits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk †, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. I am a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! *[Noise within.]*

Mrs Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs Ford. Heav'n forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs Ford.

Mrs Page. } Away, away.

[The women run out.]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyr; Quickly, and others, dressed like Fairies, with tapers.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers and shades of night,

† To the keeper the shoulders and humples belonging as a perquisite. *Steevens.*

You Ouphen heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your names; silence you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths un-
swept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They're fairies; he that speaks to them
shall die.

I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.

[*Lyes down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's Pede? go you, and where you
find a maid,

That ere she sleep hath thrice her prayers said,
Rein up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those that sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and
shins.

Quic. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room,
That it may stand 'till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, as the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour,
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r:
Each fair instalment-coat and sev'ral crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be blest!
And, nightly-meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter-compass, in a ring:
Th' expresseure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense* write,
In emroid-tuffs, flow'rs purple, blue and white,
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee;
Fairies use flow'rs for their charactery †.

† For the matter with which they make letters.

Away, disperse; but, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let 'us not forget.

Eva. Pray you lock hand in hand, yourselves in
order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that Welch fairy,
lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Eva. Vild worm, thou wast o'erlook'd ev'n in
thy birth.

Quic. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end;
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A trial, come. ———

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*
Come, will this wood take fire.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt and tainted in desire.
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right, indeed, he is full of lecheries
and iniquity.

The S O N G.

*Fy on sinful phantasy,
Fy on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloodish fire †,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy:
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be
out.*

[*During this song they pinch him. Doctor Caius*

† Lust is but i'th' blood a fire. Hanmer.

comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slender another way, and he takes away a boy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

S C E N E V.

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we've watch'd you now:

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives? See you these, husbands? do not these fair yoaks Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave, here are his horns, Master Brook; and, Master Brook, he hath enjoy'd nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an afs.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the soppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill-employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pince you.

Ford. Well said, Fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a Welch goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, tho' we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to Windsor to one Mr Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be chearful, Knight; thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr Slender hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

[*Aside.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! father Page.

Page. Son, how now? how now, son, have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton, to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir; and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see, but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vext at heart. What shall I do?

Mrs Page. Good George, be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is Mistrefs Page? by gar I am cozen'd; I ha' married one garloon, a boy; one peasant, by gar; a boy; it is not Anne Page; by gar I am cozen'd.

Mrs Page. Why, did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windfor.

Ford. This is strange! who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me; here comes Mr Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, Mr Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, mistrefs, how chance you went not with Mr Slender?

Mrs Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it. You would have marry'd her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love: The truth is, she and I long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us. Th' offence is holy, that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title; Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious curfed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy. In love, the heav'ns themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

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Page †. Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heav'n
give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Eva. I will also dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,

Heav'n give you many, many merry days!

Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire,

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,

To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;

For he, to-night, shall ly with Mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

† In the first sketch of this play, which, as Mr Pope observes, is much inferior to the latter performance; the only sentiment of which I regret the omission occurs at this critical time. When Fenton brings in his wife, there is this dialogue.

Mrs Ford. Come, Mistress Page, I must be bold with you,
'Tis pity to part love that is so true.

Mrs Page, aside.] Although that I have missed in my intent,

Yet I am glad my husband's match is crossed.

Here, Fenton, take her.

Eva. Come, Master Page, you must needs agree.

Ford. I' faith, Sir, come, you see your wife is pleased.

Page. I cannot tell, and yet my heart is eased;

And yet it doth me good the doctor missed.

Come hither, Fenton, and come hither, daughter. Johnson.



T H E

T A M I N G

O F T H E

S H R E W.



Characters in the Induction.

A Lord, before whom the play is suppos'd to be play'd.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken tinker.

Hostess.

Page, players, huntsmen, and other servants attending on the Lord.

Dramatis Personæ.

BAPTISTA, father to Catharina and Bianca; very rich.

VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Catharina.

GREMIO, } pretenders to Bianca.

HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } servants to Lucentio.

BIONDELLO, }

GRUMIO, servant to Petruchio.

PEDANT, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

CATHARINA, the Shrew.

BIANCA, her sister.

WIDOW.

Taylor, haberdashers; with servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, *sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's house in the country.*

T H E
TAMING of the SHREW.

I N D U C T I O N.

S C E N E I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostels and Sly.

Sly.

I'LL phееse you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues. Look in the Chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror; therefore, *paucus. pallabris**; let the world slide: *Sessa.*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a ~~denier~~: go by, Jeronimo†—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the Thirdborough.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. *[Falls asleep.]*

* Meaning *pocas palabras*, Spanish, few words. Theob.

† *Go by, Jeronimo*, was a kind of by-word in the author's days, as appears by its being used in the same manner by Ben Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other writers near that time. It arose first from a passage in an old play, called *Hieronimo*, or, *The Spanish Tragedy*.

S C E N E II.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds,

Brach, Merriman, the poor cur is imboist;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd Brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my Lord;
He cried upon it, at the meereft loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Eccho were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all,
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my Lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? see,
doth he breathe?

2 Hun. He breathes, my Lord. Were he not
warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold, to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lyes!
—Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thy
image!—

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in sweet cloaths, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him, when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hun. Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuse.

2 Hun. It would seem strange unto him, when he
wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless
fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;

Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.
 Procure me music ready when he wakes,
 To make a dulcet and a heav'nly sound;
 And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
 And with a low submissive reverence
 Say, what is it your honour will command?
 Let one attend him with a silver bason
 Full of rose water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
 Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper;
 And say, Will't please your Lordship cool your hands?
 Some one be ready with a costly suit,
 And ask him what apparel he will wear;
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 And that his lady mourns at his disease;
 Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic.
 And when he says he is, — say, that he dreams;
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

Hun. My Lord, I warrant you we'll play our
 As he shall think, by our true diligence, [part,
 He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
 And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Some bear out Sly Sound Trumpets.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet is that sounds.
 Belike some noble gentleman that means,

[*Ex. Servant.*
 Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

S C E N E III.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honour, players
 That offer service to your Lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your Honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your Lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son :

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :

I have forgot your name ; but sure, that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. * I think 'twas Soto that your Honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true ; thou didst it excellent :

Well, you are come to me in happy time,

The rather for I have some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a Lord will hear you play to-night ;

But I am doubtful of your modesties,

Left, over-eying of his odd behaviour,

(For yet his Honour never heard a play),

You break into some merry passion,

And so offend him : for I tell you, Sirs,

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my Lord, we can contain ourselves,

Were he the verriest antic in the world.

2 Play. to the other.] Go get a dishclout to make clean your shoes, and I'll speak for the properties †.

[*Exit Player.*

My Lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a property, and a little vinegar to make our devil roar ‡.

Lord. Go, firrah, take them to the buttery,

* Mr Rowe and Mr Pope prefix the name of *Sim* to the line here spoken ; but the first folio has it *Sincklo* ; which, no doubt, was the name of one of the players here introduced, and who had played the part of Soto with applause. *Theobald.*

† *Property*, in the language of a play house, is every implement necessary to the exhibition. *Johnson.*

‡ When the acting the *mysteries* of the Old and New Testament was in vogue ; at the representation of the *mystery* of the Passion, Judas and the devil made a part.

And give them friendly welcome every one :
Let them want nothing that the house affords.

[Exit one with the Players.]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady.
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him Madam, do him all obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love),
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplish'd;
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say, What is't your Honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May shew her duty, and make known her love ?
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteem'd himself
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift ;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a wat'ry eye.
See this dispatch'd, with all the haste thou canst ;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[Exit Servant.]

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,

And the devil, where-ever he came, was always to suffer some disgrace, to make the people laugh : as here, the buffoonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar. And the Passion being that, of all the *mysteries*, which was most frequently represented, vinegar became at length the standing implement to torment the devil : and used for this purpose even after the *mysteries* ceased, and the *moralities* came in vogue ; where the devil continued to have a considerable part.—
The mention of it here was to ridicule so absurd a circumstance in these old farces. Warburton.

Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.
 I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them: haply my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise will go into extremes. [*Exit Lord.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Bed-chamber in the Lord's House.

*Enter Sly with attendants, some with apparel, bason
 and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.*

Sly. For God's sake a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your Lordship drink a cup
 of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your Honour taste of these
 conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your Honour wear
 to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly, call not me Honour
 nor Lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life: and
 if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of
 beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I
 have no more doublets than backs, no more stock-
 ings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay,
 sometimes more feet than shoes; or such shoes as
 my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n cease this idle humour in your Ho-
 nour!

Oh, that a mighty man of such descent,
 Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
 Should be infused with so foul a spirit! —

Sly. What, would you make me mad? am not I
 Christophero Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by
 birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by trans-
 mutation a bearherd, and now by present profession
 a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of
 Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not
 fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me

up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What,
I am not bestraught : here's—

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your servants
droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun
your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

Oh, noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee ;

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? hark, Apollo plays ; [*Musical*.

And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk, we will bestow the ground :

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds
are as swift

As breathed stags ; ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch
thee strait

Adonis painted by a running brook ;

And Citherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee Io as she was a maid,

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny
wood,

Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds ;

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.

1 Man. And 'till the tears that she hath shed for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life I am a lord indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight,
And, once again, a pot o' th' smallest ale.

2 Man. Will't please your Mightiness to wash your hands?

Oh, how we joy to see your wits restor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Man. Oh, yes, my Lord, but very idle words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet*,
Because she bought stone-jugs, and no seal'd quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Man. Why, Sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up;
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Twif, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

• At the court leet, or court of the manor.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. By th' mass, I think I am a lord indeed.

What is thy name?

Man. Sim, an't please your Honour.

Sly. Sim? that's as much as to say Simeon, or Simon; put forth thy hand, and fill the pot.

[The servant gives him drink.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Lady, with attendants.

I thank thee; — thou shalt not lose by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Sly. Marry I fare well, for here is chear enough.

Where's my wife?

Lady. Here, noble lord, what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me lord, I am your goodman.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: what must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce Madam, or Joan Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Come, sit down on my knee. Sim, drink to her. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, and slept above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. — Servants, leave me and her alone. — Madam, undress you, and come now to bed. — Sim, drink to her.

Lady. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you To pardon me yet for a night or two; Or, if not so, until the sun be set: For your physicians have expressly charg'd, In peril to incur your former malady, That I should yet absent me from your bed.

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long; but I would be loath to fall into my dream again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

S C E N E VI.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your Honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood;
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment;
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry I will; let them play; is it not a commodity? a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, Madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger.

T H E
TAMING of the SHREW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Padua.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Lucentio.

TRANIO, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd from fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good-will and thy good company;
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world;
Vincentio's come of the Bentivoli,
Vincentio his son †, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves

* Lucentio is here speaking of himself. We must certainly therefore place a full stop at the end of the preceding line, and read *Lucentio his son, &c.* *Revisal.*

A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me pardonato, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;

Glad that you thus continue your resolve,

To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy:

Only, good master, while we do admire

This virtue, and this moral discipline,

Let's be no Stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;

Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,

As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.

Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,

And practice rhetoric in your common talk;

Musick and poesy use to quicken you;

The mathematics, and the metaphysics,

Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:

In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,

We could at once put us in readines,

And take a lodging fit to entertain

Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

But stay a while, what company is this?

Tra. Master, some shew to welcome us to town.

S C E N E II.

*Enter Baptista, with Catharina and Bianca, Gremio
and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen both, importune me no farther;

For how I firmly am resolv'd, you know;

That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,

Before I have a husband for the elder;

If either of you both love Catharina,

Because I know you well, and love you well,

Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather.—She's too rough for me.

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Cath. I pray you, Sir, is it your will

To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
for you;

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Cath. I'faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear.
I wis it is not half way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care shall be
To comb your noddle with a three legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Hush, master, here's some good
pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful
froward;

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see } *Aside.*
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum, and gaze
your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in;
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Cath. A pretty peat! it is best put finger in the
eye, an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
—Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio, thou may'st hear Minerva
speak. [*Aside.*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.
Go in, Bianca. ————— [*Exit Bianca.*
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music instruments, and poetry;
School-masters will I keep within my house,

Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
 Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
 Prefer them hither: for to cunning men
 I will be very kind; and liberal
 To mine own children, in good bringing up.
 And so farewell: Catharina, you may stay,
 For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*]

Cath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I
 not? What, shall I be appointed hours, as tho',
 belike, I knew not what to take, and what to
 leave? ha! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam. Your gifts
 are so good, here is none will hold you. Our love
 is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our
 nails together, and fast it fairly out. Our cake's
 dough on both sides. Farewell. Yet for the love I
 bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light
 on a fit man to teach her that wherein she de-
 lights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio. But a word, I
 pray; though the nature of our quarrel never yet
 brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it touch-
 eth us both, that we may yet again have access to
 our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's
 love, to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.—

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio,
 tho' her father be very rich, any man is so very a
 fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio; tho' it pass your patience
 and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man,
 there be good fellows in the world, an' a man could
 light on them, would take her with all her faults,
 and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her
 dowry with this condition, to be whip'd at the
 high cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's a small choice in rotten apples. But come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! happy man be his dole! he that runs fastest gets the ring; how say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*]

S C E N E IV.

Manent Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it possible That love should on a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh Tranio, 'till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely. But see, while idly I stood looking on, I found th' effect of love in idleness: And now in plainness do confess to thee, (That art to me as secret, and as dear, As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was;) Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, If I atchieve not this young modest girl. Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst; Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now; Affection is not rated from the heart. If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so*,
Redime te captum quàm queas minimo †.

* The next line from Terence, shews that we should read, "If love hath *toi'd* you,"—i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus est habet*, of the same author. *Warburton.*

† Our author had this line from Lilly; which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument of his learning. *Johnson.*

Luc. Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's found.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face;
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how
her sister

Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.—

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, Sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wit t' atchieve her. Thus it
stands;

Her eldest sister is so curs'd and shrewd,
That till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd he took some care
To get her cunning school-masters t' instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry am I, Sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta;—content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,

Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus.
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead;
Keep house, and port *, and servants, as I should.
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak.
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
In brief, good Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
(Be serviceable to my son, quoth he),
Altho', I think, 'twas in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stollen your cloaths, or you stollen his, or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest;
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I, for my escape, have put on his:
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am descry'd.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.—

* Port is figure, show, appearance.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: 'would I were so too.

Tra. So would I, i' faith, boy, to have the next wish after; that Lucentio, indeed, had Baptista's youngest daughter. But, firrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise you, use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: when I am alone, why, then I am Tranio; but in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers. If thou ask me why, sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Before Hortensio's House, in Padua.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is the house;
Here, firrah Grumio, knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom should I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your Worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I, Sir,

That I should knock you here, Sir.

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well; or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrellsome: I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, firrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters, help; my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock, when I bid you: firrah, villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio! how do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core, ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato Signor mio Petruchio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter what he leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, Sir: he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being, perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio, I bid the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O Heav'ns! spake you not these words plain? Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly: and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge. Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio; And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio my father is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
 Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;
 And yet, I'll promise thee, she shall be rich,
 And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
 And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as us
 Few words suffice; and therefore if you know
 One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife;
 (As wealth is burden of my wooing dance);
 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
 As old as Sibyl, and as curs'd and shrewd
 As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
 She moves me not; or not removes, at least,
 Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas,
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua:
 If wealthily, then happily, in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what
 his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and mar-
 ry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old
 trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' she have
 as many diseases as two and fifty horses; why, no-
 thing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have step'd thus far in,
 I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
 I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
 With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;
 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.
 Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
 Is, that she is intolerably curs'd;
 And shrewd, and forward, so beyond all measure,
 That, were my state far worse than it is,
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's
 effect;

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:
 For I will board her, tho' she chide as loud
 As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,
 An affable and courteous gentleman;
 Her name is *Catharina Minolo*,
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, tho' I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, 'till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an' she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an' he begin once, he'll rail—in his rope-tricks (I'll tell you what, Sir) an' she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's house my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her with-holds he from me, and others more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever Catharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
'Till Catharine the curs'd have got a husband.

Gru. Catharine the curs'd?
A title for a maid of all titles the worst!

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a school-master,
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her;
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguis'd.

Gru. Here's no knavery! see, to beguile the old

folks, how the young folks lay their heads together. Master, look about you : who goes there ? ha !

Hor. Peace, Grumio, 'tis the rival of my love. Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous.—

Gre. O, very well ; I have perus'd the note. Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound, All books of love ; see that, at any hand ; And see you read no other lectures to her : You understand me—over and beside Signior Baptista's liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too, And let them have them very well perfum'd ; For she is sweeter than perfume itself, To whom they go ; what will you read to her ?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you, As for my patron, stand you so assured ; As firmly as yourself were still in place ; Yea, and, perhaps, with more successful words Than you, unless you were a scholar, Sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is !

Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is !—

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum ! God save you, Signior Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you whither I am going ? to Baptista Minola ; I promised to enquire carefully about a school-master for the fair Bianca ; and by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man, for learning and behaviour fit for her turn, well read in poetry, and other books ; good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well ; and I have met a gentleman, Hath promis'd me to help me to another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress ; So shall I no whit be behind in duty To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.

Listen to me ; and, if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to wooe curs'd Catharine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well. —

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold ;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, sayest me so, friend ? what countryman ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son ;
My father's dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. Oh, Sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange ;

But if you have a stomach, to't, o' God's name ;
You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you wooe this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he wooe her ? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?

Think you a little din can daunt my ears ?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field ?

And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies ?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue ?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear,

As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire ?

Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none. —

Gre. Hortensio, hark :

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

S C E N E VII.

To them Tranio bravely apparelled, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold, tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way to the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her, to—

Tra. Perhaps him and her; what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, Sir: Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word, ere you go:

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An' if I be, Sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as free for me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters: if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have,

And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,

Tho' Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do that he hath two:
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, Sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth:
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest sister first be wed;
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, Sir, that you are the man
Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Atchieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access; whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,
Please ye we may convive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! fellows, let's be
gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.

[The presenters above speak here.

I Man. *My Lord, you nod; you do not mind the
play.*

Sly. Yea, by *St Ann*, do I. A good matter, surely!
—Comes there any more of it?

Lady. *My Lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam.
Lady. 'Would 'twere done! —

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Baptista's House in Padua.**Enter Catharina and Bianca.**Bianca.*

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
 To make a bond-maid and a slave of me;
 That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
 Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself;
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,
 Or what you will command me, will I do;
 So well I know my duty to my elders.

Cath. Of all thy suitors here, I charge thee, tell
 Whom thou lov'st best: see, thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all men alive
 I never yet beheld that special face,
 Which I could fancy more than any other.

Cath. Minion, thou liest; is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
 I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Cath. Oh, then, belike, you fancy riches more;
 You will have Gremio, to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do so envy me?
 Nay, then you jest; and now, I well perceive,
 You have but jested with me all this while;
 I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Cath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[Strikes her.]

Enter Baptista,

Bap. Why, how now, dame, whence grows this
 insolence?

Bianca, stand aside; poor girl, she weeps;
 Go ply the needle, meddle not with her.
 For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
 Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong
 thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Cath. Her silence flouts me ; and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*]

Bap. What, in my sight?—*Bianca*, get thee in.

[*Exit Bianca.*]

Cath. Will you not suffer me? nay, now I see
She is your treasure; she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,
'Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit Cath.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

S C E N E II.

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man;
Petruchio with Hortensio, like a musician; Tranio
and Biondello bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God
save you, gentlemen.

Pet. And you, good Sir. Pray, have you not a
daughter call'd Catharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd Catharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio, give me
leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, Sir,
That hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to shew myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

[*Presenting Hortensio.*]

I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio*, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, Sir, and he for your good sake.

But for my daughter Catharina, this I know,
She's not for your turn; the more's my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray, let us,
that are poor petitioners, speak too. *Baccalaxe* †!
—you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would
fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir; but you will curse your
wooing.——

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of
it. To express the like kindness myself, that have
been more kindly beholden to you than any, free
leave give to this young scholar, that hath been
long studying at Rheims, [*Presenting* *Lucentio*.] as
cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as
the other in music and mathematics; his name is
Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio: wel-
come, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir, methinks
you walk like a stranger; [*To* *Tranio*.] may I be
so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request;
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

† *i. e.* Thou arrogant, presumptuous man. *Italian.*

And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[They greet privately.]

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, Sir, son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.
Take you the lute, and you the set of books,

[To Hortensio and Lucentio.]

You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within! —

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them both,
These are their tutors, bid them use them well.

[Exit Servant with Hortensio and Lucentio.]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to wooe.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd;
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death the one half of my lands;
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded.
And where two raging fires meet together,

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
 Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :
 So I to her, and so she yields to me,
 For I am rough, and wooe not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou wooe, and happy be thy speed !

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
 That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

S C E N E III.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier ;
 Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

Hor. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to
 I did but tell her she mistook her frets, [me.
 And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
 When with a most impatient devilish spirit,
 Frets call you them ? quoth she : I'll fume with them.
 And with that word she struck me on the head,
 And through the instrument my pate made way,
 And there I stood amazed for a while,
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute :
 While she did call me rascal, fidler,
 And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
 As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;
 I love her ten times more than e'er I did ;
 Oh, how I long to have some chat with her !

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited.
 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,
 She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
 Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do. I will attend her here,

[*Exit Bap. with Grem. Horten. and Tra.*]

And wooe her with some spirit when she comes.

Say that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say that she frowns; I'll say she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:

Say she be mute, and will not speak a word;

Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As tho' she bid me stay by her a week:

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.

But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Catharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Cath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.

They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate.

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst:

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,

(For dainties are all Cates) and therefore Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation!

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty founded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

Myself am mov'd to wooe thee for my wife.

Cath. Mov'd?—in good time—let him that mov'd you hither

Remove you hence; I knew you at the first

You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Cath. A join'd stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

Cath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Cath. No such jade, Sir, as you; if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For knowing thee to be but young and light——

Cath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should *bee*;——should *buz*.——

Cath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh, slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard
take thee?

Cath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp, i' faith you are too
angry.

Cath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Cath. Ah, if the fool could find it where it lyes.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear
In his tail —— [his sting?

Cath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Cath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so fare-
well.

Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay,
come again,

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Cath. That I'll try. [She strikes him.

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Cath. So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then, no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? oh, put me in thy books.

Cath. What is your crest, a coxcomb?

Pet. A comble's cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate; come, you must not look
so sour.

Cath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why here's no crab, and therefore look not
so sour.

Cath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Cath. Had I a glafs, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Cath. Well aim'd of fuch a young one.—

Pet. Now by St George, I am too young for you.

Cath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Cath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate; in footh, you 'scape not fo.

Cath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you paffing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen,

And now I find Report a very liar;

For thou art pleafant, gamefome, paffing courteous,
But flow in fpeech, yet fweet as fpring-time flowers.
Thou canft not frown, thou canft not look afcance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor haft thou pleafure to be crofs in talk:
But thou with mildnefs entertain'ft thy wooers
With gentle conf'rence, foft and affable.

Why doth the world report that Kate doth limp?
Oh fland'rous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is ftrait and flender; and as brown in hue
As hazel-huts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me fee thee walk; thou doft not halt.

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ft command.

Pet. Did ever Dian fo become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chafte, and Dian fportful!—

Cath. Where did you ftudy all this goodly fpeech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Cath. A witty mother, witiefs elfe her fon.

Pet. Am I not wife?

Cath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Why, fo I mean, fweet Catharine, in thy bed:

And therefore fetting all this chat afide,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath confented
That you fhall be my wife; your dowry greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
 For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
 (Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well;)
 Thou must be married to no man but me.
 For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
 And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate,
 Conformable as other household Kates.
 Here comes your father; never make denial;
 I must and will have Catharine to my wife.

S C E N E V.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you
 with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
 It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Catharine, in
 your dumps?

Cath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
 You've shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
 To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
 A madcap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; yourself and all the world;
 That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
 If she be curst, it is for policy;
 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove:
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
 For patience, she will prove a second Grissel,
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity.
 And, to conclude, we've greed so well together,
 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Cath. Pll see thee hang'd on Sunday, first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says she'll see thee
 hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night,
 our part!

Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuse her for myself;
 If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me; oh, the kindest Kate!—
She hung about my neck, and kifs on kifs
She vy'd so fast, proteſſing oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices; 'tis a world to ſee
How tame, (when men and women are alone)
A meacock wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate, I will unto Venice;
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day.
Father, provide the feaſt, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure my Catharine ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay, but give your hands;
God ſend you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, ſay we; we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace.
We will have rings and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Ex. Petruchio and Catharine ſeverally.*]

S C E N E VI.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.

Bap. The gain I ſeek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptiſta, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.

Tra. And I am one that love Blanca more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.

Gre. Youngling! thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age thatouriſheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes, that flouriſheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen, I will compound
this ſtrife:

'Tis deeds muſt win the prize; and he, of both,

That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.——

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuf't my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl;
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work;
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or house-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls;
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess,
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers;
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in——Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land; all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts but to so much in all:
That she shall have, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marseilles's road
What, have I choakt you with an Argosie?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great Argosies, besides two gallies,
And twelve tight gallies; these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,

By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own, else you must pardon me:
If you shall die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, then I am thus resolv'd:
On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Catharine is to be married:
Now on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee
not:

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all; and in his waining age
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to do my master good.
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
May get a father, call'd, suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[*Exit.*

—[The Presenters, above, speak here.

Sly. *Sim.* when will the fool come again:

Sim. Anon, my Lord.

Sly. Give's some more drink here—where's the
tapster? here, *Sim.* eat some of these things.

Sim. So I do, my Lord.

Sly. Here, *Sim.* I drink to thee.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Baptista's House.

*Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.**Lucentio.*

Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Catharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. Wrangling pedant, this is
The patronels of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have ipent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous a's! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy;
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself;
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down,
Take you your instrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?

[*Hortensio retires.*]

Luc. That will be never; tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hac ibat Simois, hic est Si-*
geia tellus,

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I
am Lucentio, *hic est*, son unto Lucentio of Pisa,

Sigeia tellus, disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon †.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear. O fy, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac abbat Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars. How fiery and how froward is our pedant ! Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love ; Pedasculc, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not,—for, sure, *Æacides* Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you, I should be arguing still upon that doubt; But let it rest. Now, *Licio*, to you : Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray, That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while ; My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir ? Well, I must wait, And watch withal ; for, but I be deceived, Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument, To learn the order of my fingering, I must begin with rudiments of art ; To teach you Gamut in a briefer sort, More pleasant, pithy, and effectual, Than hath been taught by any of my trade ; And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my Gamut long ago.

† Pantaloon, the old cully in Italian farces.

Hor. Yet read the Gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. reading.] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection;

D sol re, one cliff, but two notes have I.

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this Gamut? tut, I like it not;
Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up.

You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both: I must be gone. *[Exit.]*

Luc. Faith, Mistress, then I have no cause to stay. *[Exit.]*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant.

Methinks he looks as tho' he was in love:

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale;

Seize thee, who list; if once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E II.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Catharina,
Lucentio, Bianca, *and attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Cath'rine and Petruchio should be married;
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be,

To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Cath. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,

Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of spleen,
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure,
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Catharine,
And say, lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Catharine, and Baptista too:
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. Would Catharine had never seen him tho'!

[Exit weeping.]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

S C E N E III.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master; old news, and such news
as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's
coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you
there.

Tra. But, say, what thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat,
and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice
turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases,
one buckled, another lac'd: an old rusty sword ta'en

out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleis, with two broken points*; his horse hipp'd with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; besides, posselt with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampasse, infected with the fashions†, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, waid in the back, and shoulder-shot-ten, near legg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather, which being restrain'd, to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots; one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, Sir, his lackey, for all the world carparison'd like the horse, with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list, an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd up in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet sometimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came not.

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, Sir; I say his horse comes with him on his back.

* How a sword should have two broken points I cannot tell. There is, I think, a transposition cauted by the seeming relation of *point* to *sword*. I read, *a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced with two broken points; an old rusty sword—with a broken hilt, and chapeleis.* Johnson.

† i. e. The farcy.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St Janny, I hold you a penny
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not
many.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically habited.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants?— who is at
home?

Bap. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my Father? Gentles, methinks you
frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding-
day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fy, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-fore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
Tho' in some part enforced to digress,
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore ha' done
with words ;

To me she's married, not unto my cloaths.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss ! *[Exit.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire :
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see th' event of this.
[Exit.

S C E N E V.

Tra. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking ; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be,
It skills not much ; we'll fit him to our turn ;)
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised :
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep my own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business :
Well over-reach the grey-beard Gremio,
The narrow-prying father Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio,
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Gremio.

Now, Signior Gremio, came you from the church ?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom indeed, A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curfter than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio; when the priest Should ask, if Catharine should be his wife?

Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he; and swore so loud, That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;

And as he stoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff, That down fell priest and book, and book and

Now take them up, quoth he, if any list. [*priest.*

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd As if the Vicar meant to cozen him. [*and swore,* But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine: a health, quoth he: as if

H'ad been aboard carousing to his mates

After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadell,

And threw the fops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other cause, but that his beard

Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask

His fops as he was drinking. This done, he took

The bride about the neck, and kiss'd her lips

With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting

All the church echo'd; and I, seeing this,

Came thence for very shame; and after me,

I know, the rout is coming. Such a mad marriage

Ne'er was before.—Hark, hark, I hear the min-

strels.

[*Music plays.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortensio, and Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains;

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come,
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would intreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife,
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay till after dinner,

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you,

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content—

Cath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall intreat me stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Grumio. Ay, Sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten
the horses.

Cath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I please myself.
The door is open; Sir, there lyes your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not go 'till I please myself:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly furly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee, pr'ythee, be not
angry.

Cath. I will be angry; what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, Sir; now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her :
Go to the feast, revel and domineer ;
Carouse full measure to her maiden-head ;
Be mad and merry, or go hang your selves ;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret.
I will be master of what is mine own :
She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;
And here she stands, touch her who ever dare.
I'll bring my action on the proudest he,
That stops my way in Padua : Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon ; we're beset with thieves ;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate ;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Pet. and Cath.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom want

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast :

Lucentio, you supply the bridegroom's place ;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it ?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio : gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Petruchio's Country-house.**Enter Grumio.**Grumio.*

FY, fy on all tired jades, and all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd *? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire; and they are coming after to warm them: now were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I with blowing the fire shall warm myself; for considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, ho, Curtis?

*Enter Curtis.**Curt.* Who is it that calls so coldly?*Gru.* A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?*Gru.* Oh, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?*Gru.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but thou know'st, winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and thyself, fellow Curtis.*Curt.* Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.*Gru.* Am I but three inches? why, my horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt

* That is, Was ever man so marked with lashes?

Johnson.

thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress? whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gru. Why, Jack boy, ho boy *, and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of coney-catching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired, my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Strikes him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listning. Now I begin. *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

Curt. Both on one horse?

* A fragment of some old ballad. Warburton.

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale.——But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she prayed that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, and that you and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsoap, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them court'sy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that call'd for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five serving-men.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you ; how now, you ; what, you ; fellow, you ; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat ?

Nath. All things are ready ; how near is our master ?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this ; and therefore be not—cock's passion, silence !—I hear my master.

S C E N E II.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaves ? what, no man at door to hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse ? where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip ?

All Serv. Here, here, Sir ; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir ; here, Sir ; here, Sir ; here, Sir ? You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms : What ? no attendance ? no regard ? no duty ? Where is the foolish knave I sent before ?

Gru. Here, Sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain, you whorson, malt-horse drudge,

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee ?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made :
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel :
There was no link * to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing :
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and
Gregory ;

The rest were ragged, old and beggarly,
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Where is the life that late I led ?

Where are those——sit down, Kate,

And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud †.

* Link, I believe, is the same with what we now call lamp black. Johnson.

† That is, sweet, sweet. Johnson.

Enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say? nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when?

It was the Friar of orders grey, [Sings.

As he forth walked on his way.

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.

Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate: some water, here; what hoa!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus? sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted
with.

Where are my slippers; shall I have some water?

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:

You, whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave:

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?

What's this, mutton?

I Ser. Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these? where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Cath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it;

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh:
Be patient, for to morrow't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal-chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Pet. He kills her in her own humour.

Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, a Servant.

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;

And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away, for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politically begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard*,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;

That is, to watch her as we watch these kites
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.

She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat.

Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall not:

As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed:

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the coverlet, that way the sheets;

Ay, and amid this hurly I'll pretend,

* A haggard is a wild hawk; to man a hawk, is to tame her. *Johnson.*

That all is done in reverend care of her :
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night ;
 And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;——
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew. *[Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. To satisfy you, Sir, in what I said,
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[They stand by.]

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me
 that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art of love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of
 my heart. *[They retire backward.]*

Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now tell me, I
 pray, you that durst swear that your Mistress Bianca
 lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. Despightful love, unconstant womankind!
 I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not Licio,
 Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
 But one that scorn to live in this disguise
 For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
 And makes a god of such a cullion:
 Know, Sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
 Of your entire affection to Bianca;

And since mine eyes are witnesses of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See how they kiss and court!—Signior
Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but to forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her, tho' she intreat.
Fy on her! see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the world but he had quite
forsworn her!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.

And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. *[Exit Hor.]*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case.

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

[Lucentio and Bianca come forward.]

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both for-
sworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio?

Tra. 'Faith he's gone unto the taming school.

Bian. The taming school? what, is there such a
place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

S C E N E V.

Enter Biondello, running.

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long,
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient Angel * going down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercantant, or else a pedant;
I know not what; but formal in apparel;
In gait and countenance furly like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give him assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir.

Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, Sir? God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes
hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him),
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,

* For angel Mr Theobald, and after him Sir T. Ham-
mer and Dr Warburton, read *Engle*. Johnson.

You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, Sir; it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, Sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and
all one. [*Aside.*]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio:
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:
Look that you take upon you as you should.
You understand me, Sir: so shall you stay
'Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be court'ly, Sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter
good:

This by the way I let you understand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Catharina. and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

Cath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me ?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon intreaty, have a present alms ;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :

But I, who never knew how to intreat,

Nor never needed that I should intreat,

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed ;

And, that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love :

As who would say, If I should sleep or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.

I pr'ythee go and get me some repast ;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Cath. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too flegmatic a meat :

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ?

Cath. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ;—I fear it's choleric :

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

Cath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[*Beats him.*]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio, with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? what, sweeting, all amourt?

Hor. Mistress, what chear?

Cath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look chearfully upon me.

Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
I'm sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? nay, then, thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof †.

Here, take away the dish.

Cath. I pray you let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Cath. I thank you, Sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fy, you are to blame:
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me;—
[*Aside.*]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey-love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things:
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.
What, hast thou din'd? the taylor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

† And all my labour has ended in nothing, or proved nothing. *Johnson.*

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish; fy, fy, 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time;
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

Cath. Why, Sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the utmost as I please in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true, it is a paltry cap,
A custard coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, taylor, let
us see't.

O mercy, heav'n, what masking stuff is here?

What? this a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;

What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:

Why, what a-devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

[*Aside.*

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of
thee.

Tay. She says, your worship means to make a
puppet of her.

Pet. Oh most monstrous arrogance!
Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket, thou!
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread;
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st:
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tay. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men,
brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd.
I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown,
but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou
liest.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the fashion to
testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sow me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a small compast-cape.

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tay. With a trunk-sleeve.

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tay. The sleeves curiously cur.

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, Sir, error i' th' bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shou'dst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' th' right, Sir, 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress's gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Take up my mistress's gown unto his master's use!
Oh, fy, fy, fy!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the taylor paid.
[*Aside.*]

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow;

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tay.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate, we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:

And as the sun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?

Oh, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.

Go call my men, and let us ſtraight to him,

And bring our horſes unto Long-lane end;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's ſee, I think 'tis now ſome ſeven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

Cath. I dare aſſure you, Sir, 'tis almoſt two;

And 'twill be ſupper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It ſhall be ſeven, ere I go to horſe.

Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,

You are ſtill croſſing it. Sirs, let't alone,

I will not go to-day, and ere I do,

It ſhall be what o'clock I ſay it is.

Hor. Why, ſo: this gallant will command the ſun.

[*Exeunt Pet. Cath. and Hor.*

[*The Preſenters, above, ſpeak here.*

Lord. Who's within there?

[*Sly ſleeps.*

Enter Servants.

*Aſleep again! go take him eaſily up, and put him
in his own apparel again. But ſee you wake him
not in any caſe.*

Serv. It ſhall be done, my Lord; come, help to bear
him hence.

[*They bear off Sly.*

S C E N E IX.

Before Baptiſta's Houſe.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dreſſ'd like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the houſe; pleaſe it you that I
call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and (but I be deceived,) Signior Baptista may remember me Near twenty years ago in Genoa, Where we were lodgers, at the Pegafus.

Tra. 'Tis well, and hold your own in any case With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but, Sir, here comes your boy;

'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello, Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you: Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was in Venice; And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink. Here comes Baptista; set your countenance, Sir.

S C E N E X.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Tra. Signior Baptista, you are happily met. Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of; I pray you stand, good father, to me now, Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son. Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio Made me acquainted with a weighty cause Of love between your daughter and himself: And for the good report I hear of you, And for the love he beareth to your daughter, And she to him; to stay him not too long, I am content, in a good father's care, To have him match'd; and if you please to like No worse than I, Sir, upon some agreement, Me shall you find most ready and most willing, With one consent, to have her so bestowed: For curious I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;
And therefore if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dowry,
The match is made, and all is done;
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir. Where then, do you
know best,

Be we affianced; and such assurance taken,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants;
Besides, old Gremio is hearkning still;
And, haply, then we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, as it like you, Sir:
There doth my father lie; and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that at so slender warning
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Go, Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happen'd here:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

[Exit.

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I'll follow you.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink, and laugh upon you.

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he's left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at St Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take your assurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*; to th' church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses. If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, but bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon, as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you; Sir, and so adieu, Sir; my master hath appointed me to go to St Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. *[Exit.]*

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[Exit.]

S C E N E XII.

A green Lane.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name, once more, tow'rds
our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon !

Cath. The moon ! the sun : it is not moon-light
now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Cath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house :
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost !

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Cath. Forward, I pray, since we are come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Cath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.

Cath. Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun.
But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for Catharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy way, the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward ; thus the bow
should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But soft, some company is coming here.

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away †?

[*To Vincentio.*

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
 Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
 Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
 As those two eyes become that heav'nly face?
 Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Cath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
 Whither away, or where is thy abode? [sweet,
 Happy the parents of so fair a child;
 Happier the man whom favourable stars
 Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not
 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd, [mad!
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

† In the first sketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two speeches in this place worth preserving, and seeming to be of the hand of Shakespear, tho' the rest of that play is far inferior. *Pope.*

Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
 More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
 Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
 Of amethysts, or glistening hyacinth——
 ——Sweet Catharine, this lovely woman——

Cath. Fair lovely lady, bright and crystalline,
 Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
 As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
 Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
 And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;
 Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
 Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
 Uninhabitable as the burning zone,
 With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Cath. Pardon, old father, my mistaken eyes,
That have been so bedazled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandfire; and withal make
known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir; and you my merry Mistrefs,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father.

The sister of my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof:
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt Pet. Cath. and Vin.*]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Before Lucentio's House.**Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio walking on one fide.**Biondello.*

Softly and swiftly, Sir, for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back, and then come back to my master as soon as I can. *[Ex.]**Gre.* I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.*Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio and Grumio, with attendants.**Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house, My father's bears more towards the market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.*Vin.* You shall not chuse but drink before you go; I think I shall command your welcome here; And by all likelihood some chear is toward.*Gre.* They're busy within, you were best knock louder. *[Knocks. Pedant looks out of the window.]**Ped.* What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?*Vin.* Is Signior Lucentio within, Sir?*Ped.* He's within, Sir, but not to be spoken withal.*Vin.* What, if a man bring him a hundred pounds or two, to make merry withal?*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself, he shall need none so long as I live.*Pet.* Nay, I told you your son was belov'd in Padua. Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come to Padua, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman; why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe he means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

S C E N E II.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping! but who is here? mine old Master Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing Biondello.*]

Bion. I hope I may chuse, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir; I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, Sir, see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*He beats Biondello.*]

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

Ped. Help, son; help, Signior Baptista.

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

Enter Pedant with Servants, Baptista and Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir! nay, what are you, Sir? Oh, immortal gods! oh, fine villain! a filken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a copatain

hat *: oh, I am undone ! I am undone ! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servants spend all at the university.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is this man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew a madman: why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father ! oh villain, he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir ; pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name ? as if I knew not his name : I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass ! his name is Lucentio : and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio ! oh he hath murdered his master ; lay hold of him, I charge yo, uin the Duke's name. Oh, my son, my son ! tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio ?

Tra. Call forth an officer ; carry this mad knave to the jail : Father Baptista, I charge you, see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to jail ?

Gre. Stay, officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio : I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catch'd in this business ; I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio ?

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

* Is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, such as was anciently worn by well dressed men. *Johnson.*

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him!

Enter Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd;
oh, monstrous villain!

Bion. Oh, we are spoil'd, and yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[Exeunt Biondello, Tranio and Pedant.]

S C E N E III.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. *[Kneeling.]*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio, right son to the right Vincentio,

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine!
While counterfeit supposers bleer'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness, to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's
Made me exchange my state with Tranio, *[love]*
While he did bear my countenance in the town:
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wish'd haven of my blifs.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista, we will content you; go to: but I will in, to be revenged on this villain.

[Exit.]

Bap. And I, to found the depth of this knavery.

[Exit.]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca, thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*]

Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

[*Petruchio and Catharina advancing.*]

Cath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Cath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Cath. No, Sir, God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: come, firrah, let's away.

Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now, pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate; Better once than never, for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Lucentio's Apartment.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina, Grumio, Hortensio, and Widow. *Tranio's servants bringing in a banquet.*

Luc. At last, tho' long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, Sister Catharine,
And thou Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up
After our great good cheer. Pray you sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense :

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Cath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me, how likes Hortensio that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended ; kiss him for that, good widow.

Cath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round——

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe ;
And now you know my meaning.

Cath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Cath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate.

Hor. To her, widow.

Pet. A hundred merks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer ; ha' to thee, lad.

[Drinks to Hortensio.]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks ?

Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.

Bian. Head and butt ? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, Mistress Bride, hath that awaken'd you ?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me, therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that thou shalt not, since you have begun :

Have at you for a better jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush:
And then pursue me, as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Catharine, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior
Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, Sir, Lucentio slip'd me like his grey-
hound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something curriish.

Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you there?

Pet. He hath a little gall'd me, I confess;
And as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the verriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say, No: and therefore for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife; and he
Whose wife is most obedient to come first,
When he doth send for her, shall win the wager.

Hor. Content; — what wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[*Exit.*]

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now, what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and cannot come.

Pet. How? she's busy and cannot come! is that
an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go and intreat my wife
to come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*]

Pet. Oh, ho! intreat her! nay, then she needs
must come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do you what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated. Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse, she will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress,
Say I command her to come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

S C E N E V.

Enter Catharina.

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes Ca-
tharine!

Cath. What is your will, Sir, that you send for
me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Cath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Catharina.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

And awful rule, and right supremacy:

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,

Another dowry to another daughter;

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter Catharina, Bianca, and Widow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward
wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Catharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]

Wid. Lord let me never have a cause to sigh,
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fy, what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too!

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Catharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women

What duty they owe to their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall; and first begin with her.

Cath. Fy! fy! unknit that threatening unkind
brow,

And dart not scornful glances from these eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.

It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;

Confound thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

I am asham'd that women are so simple,
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms,

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great, my reason haply more,

To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;

But now I see our launces are but straws,

Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare;

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,

And place your hands below your husband's foot:

In token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiss
me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are forward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed ;

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the * white ;
And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Catharine.*]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curs'd shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter two servants bearing *Sly* in his own apparel, and leaving him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster,

Sly awaking.] *Sim, give's some more wine—What, all the players gone ? am not I a lord ?*

Tap. A lord, with a murrain ! come, art thou drunk still ?

Sly. *Who's this ? Tapster ! oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heardst in all thy life.*

Tap. Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.

Sly. *Will she ? I know how to tame a shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me.*

* To hit the white is a phrase borrowed from archery : the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name *Bianca*, or *white*. *Johnson.*



T H E
C O M E D Y
O F
E R R O R S.



Dramatis Personæ.

SALINUS, duke of Ephesus.

ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLIS of Ephesus, } twin-brothers, and sons
ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse, } to Ægeon and Æmilia,
but unknown to each
other.

DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin-brothers, and slaves to
DROMIO of Syracuse, } the two Antipholis's.

BALTHAZAR, a merchant.

ANGELO, a goldsmith.

A Merchant, friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.

Dr PINCH, a school-master, and a conjurer.

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.

LUCIANA, sister to Adriana.

LUCE, servant to Adriana.

Jailor, officers, and other attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

This play is taken from the *Menæmi of Plautus*.

THE
COMEDY of ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor, and other Attendants.

Ægeon.

PROceed, Salinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
T' admit no traffic to our adverse towns.
Nay, more; if any born at Ephesus
Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;

Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home ;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,

Than I to speak my grief unspeakable :

Yet that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature *, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracuse was I born, and wed

Unto a woman, happy but for me ;

And by me too, had not our hap been bad.

With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,

By prosperous voyages I often made

To Epidamnum ; 'till my factor's death,

And the great care of goods at random left,

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse ;

From whom my absence was not six months old,

Before herself, almost at fainting under

The pleasing punishment that women bear,

Had made provision for her following me,

And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.

There she had not been long, but she became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;

And, which was strange, the one so like the other,

As could not be distinguish'd but by names,

That very hour, and in the self-same inn,

A poor mean woman was delivered

Of such a burden, male-twins both alike :

Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,

I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.

My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,

Made daily motions for our home return :

Unwilling, I agreed. Alas, too soon

We came aboard.

* i. e. by a natural event, by the course of providence. *Johnson.*

A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obscured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey into our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, tho' myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before, for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ign'rant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me:
And this it was; for other means were none.
The sailors fought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship; then smking-ripe, to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm; and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.
But ere they came——oh, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us;
For ere the ships could meet, by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpless ship was splitted in the midst.

So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carry'd with more speed before the wind,
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
 And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck guests;
 And would have rest the fishers of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
 And therefore homeward did they bend their
 course.—

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
 That * by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sakes of them thou sorrow'st
 Do me the favour to dilate at full [for,
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee, 'till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother; and importun'd me,
 That his attendant, (for his case was like,
 Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
 Might bear him company in quest of him:
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
 And coasting homeward, came to Ephesus:
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have
 To bear th' extremity of dire mishap! [mark

* I rather fancy Shakespeare wrote, " Thus by mis-
 fortunes, &c. *Revisal.*

Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 (Which Princes, would they, may not disannul;)
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But, tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
 But to our honour's great disparagement;
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
 I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,
 To seek thy life by beneficial help:
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus,
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.
 Jailor, take him to thy custody.

[*Exeunt Duke, and train.*]

Jail. I will, my Lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
 But to procrastinate his liveless end.

[*Exeunt Ægeon and Jailor.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here:
 And not being able to buy out his life,
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host;
 And stay there, Dromio, 'till I come to thee:
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
 'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return and sleep within mine inn;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a means.

[*Exit Dromio.*]

Ant. A trusty villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort with you 'till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell 'till then; I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit Merchant.*]

S C E N E III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too
late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit.
The clock has stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stom-
ach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;

But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where you have left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—sixpence, that I had a Wednesday
last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The sadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jest, Sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;

For she will score your fault upon my pate:
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your
And strike you home without a messenger. [clock;

Ant. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of
season;

Reserve them 'till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir Knave, have done your fool-
ishness;

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge?

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from
the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, Sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.
Where are the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave,
hast thou?

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;

She that doth fast 'till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? there, take you that, Sir Knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, Sir? for God's sake
hold your hands.

Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit Dromio.*]

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught † of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like libertines of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

The House of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adriana.

Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lyes out a-door.

† That is, over-reached. Johnson.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in sea, in sky :
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controuls:
Man, more divine, the master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and soul,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowl,
Are masters to their females, and their lords;
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwe'd.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some
sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where ?

Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear;

Adr. Patience unmov'd,—no marvel tho' she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause :

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me :
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd * patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

S C E N E II.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

* She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianship of your fortune. *Johns.*

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, did'st thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure he's stark mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold.
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I. My gold, quoth he.
Your meat doth burn, quoth I. My gold, quoth he.
Will you come home, quoth I? My gold, quoth he.
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd. My gold, quoth he.
My mistress, Sir, quoth I. Hang up thy mistress;
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my master.

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders:
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other
Between you I shall have a holy head. [beating.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, your must case me in leather.
[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Luc. Fy, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Ar. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault: he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair.
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fy, beat it hence.

Ar. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage other-where;
Or else what lets it, but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;
Would that alone, alone, he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
I see the jewel best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and the gold 'bides still*,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

* The *Revisal* reads thus,

——yet the gold 'bides still
That others touch, *though* often touching will
Wear gold, and so a man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption, doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! }
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I V.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

Ant. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur: and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, Sir? when spoke I such a
word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villian, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me?

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and
that.

[*Beats Dro.*]

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's sake, now your jest
is earnest;

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sawciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport;
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams;
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head. An you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, first, for flouting me; and then, wherefore, for urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,

When, in the why, and wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, Sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry-basting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jest in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that, before you, were so choleric.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scantied men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two, and sound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing †.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald,

* I suppose we should read *falsing*. Revival.

and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: but, soft! who wafts us yonder?

S C E N E V.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldst vow,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That touch well never welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my husband; oh, how comes it
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me:
That undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me:
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust*:

* Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, shew that we should read,
—with the grime of lust: i. e. the stain, smut. *Warb.*

For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed ;
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonour'd †.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you
 not :

In Ephesus I am but but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town, as to your talk.
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Wants wit in all, one word to understand.

Luc. Fy, brother! how the world is chang'd
 with you :

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio?

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didst return from
 him,

That he did buffet thee; and in his blows
 Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, Sir, with this gentle-
 woman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, Sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
 Didst thou deliver to me on the-mart:

S. Dro. I never spoke with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names,
 Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
 To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
 Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?—
 Be it my wrong you are from me exempt*,
 But wrong not that wrong, with a more contempt.
 Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine:

† I live disstain'd, thou dishonour'd. *Reversal.*

* *Exempt, separated, parted. The sense is, If I am
 doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with
 contempt me, who am already injured. Johnson.*

Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state,
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate.
 If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
 Uttering ivy, brier, or idle moss;
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme.

What, was I married to her in my dream?
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

This is the Fairy land: oh, spight of spights!
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights;
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,
 They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine own form.

S. Dro. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

S. Dro. 'Tis true, she rides me, and I long for grass:

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
 But I should know her, as well she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye and weep,
 Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
 Come, Sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate.
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
 And strive you of a thousand idle pranks.

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate. }

Luc. Come, come, Antipholis, we dine too late. }

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Street before Antipholis's House.

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus,
Angelo, and Balthazar.*

E. Antipholis.

GOOD Signior Angelo, you must excuse us;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet *;
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, Sir; but I know
what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to
show;
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave
were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

* *Karkanet* seems to have been a necklace, or rather chain
perhaps, hanging down double from the neck. *Johnson.*

E. Ant. I think thou art an afs.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear.

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear:
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an
afs.

E. Ant. Y're sad, Signior Balthazar. Pray God
our chear

May answer my good will, and your good welcome
here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your
welcome dear.

E. Ant. Ah, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or
fish,

A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty
dish.

Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every
churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's
nothing but words.

Bal. Small chear, and great welcome, makes a
merry feast.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing
guest:

But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better chear may you have, but not with better
heart.

But, soft; my door is lock'd; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicily, Gillian,
Ginn!

S. Dro. within.] Mome, malt-horse, capon, cox-
comb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the
hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for
such store,

When one is one too many? go, get thee from the
door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my
master stays in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, lest
he catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? Hoa, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, Sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stoll'n both mine office and my name:

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or
thy name for an afs.

Luce. within.] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh;

Have at you with a proverb—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another; that's, when can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce*, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I trow?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

S. Dro. And you said, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help, well struck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. within.] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife; you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, Sir Knave! go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this *knave* would go fore.

Ang. Here is neither chear, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall have part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within: you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It seems thou wantest breaking: out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much, *out upon thee!* I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather;

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir: oh, let it not be so.

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

Th' unviolated honour of your wife.

Once, this;—your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse,

Why at this time the doors are barr'd against you.

Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,

And let us to the Tyger all to dinner;

And about evening come yourself alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it;

And that supposed by the common rout,

Against your yet ungalled estimation,

That may with foul intrusion enter in,

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

For slander lives upon succession;

For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet;

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,

Pretty and witty, wild, and, yet too, gentle;

There will we dine: this woman that I mean,

My wife, (but, I protest, without desert),

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;

To her will we to dinner. Get you home

And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made;

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;

For there's the house: that chain will I bestow,

(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife),

Upon mine hostels there. Good Sir, make haste:

Since my own doors refuse to entertain me,

I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour, Sir,
hence.

E. Ant. Do so; this jest shall cost me some ex-
pence. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholis, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more
 kindness;
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair pretence, tho' your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attain?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame well managed;
Ill deeds are double with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Tho' others have the arm, shew us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
S. Ant. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else
 I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine:)

Less in your knowledge and your grace you show
not

Than our earth's wonder, more than earth, divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smoother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit:

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a God? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then, well I know

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine;
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;

Sing, Siren, for thyself, and I will dote;

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee *, and there ly:

And in that glorious supposition think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die;
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink †.

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, be-
ing by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear
your sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on
night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

S. Ant. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

S. Ant. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part:

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,

* And as a bed I'll take them, viz. Luciana's hairs.

Canons of Criticism.

† If he sink. Revival.

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else would be.

S. Ant. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, Sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Ex. Luciana.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio, where run'st
thou so fast?

S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I Dromio?
am I your man? am I myself?

S. Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou
art thyself.

S. Dro. I am an afs, I am a woman's man, and
besides myself.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how besides
thyself?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, besides myself, I am due to
a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me,
one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, such a claim as you would
lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast:
not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but
that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim
to me.

S. Ant. What is she?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as
a man may not speak of, without he say, Sir Reve-
rence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet
is she a wond'rous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, she's the kitchen wench, and
all grease; and I know not what use to put her to,
but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by
her own light. I warrant her rags, and the tallow

in them, will burn a Lapland winter : if she lives 'till doomday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complection is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept : for why ? she sweats ; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain ; Noah's flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, Sir ;—but her name and three quarters (that is an ell and three quarters) will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip ; she is spherical, like a globe : I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks ; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland?

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenness, hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. Where France?

S. Dro. In her forehead ; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair-†.

S. Ant. Where England?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them ; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

S. Ant. Where Spain?

S. Dro. Faith I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires ; declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carrats to be ballast at her nose.

† This alludes to the French disease. *Johnson. Upton.*

S. Ant. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me Dromio, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtal-dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee presently; post to the road; And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night. If any bark put forth, come to the mart; Where I will walk, 'till thou return to me: If every one know us, and we know none, 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life, So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here; And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence. She, that doth call me husband, even my foul Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister, Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace, Of such enchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me traitor to myself: But lest myself be guilty of self-wrong, I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo, with a chain.

Ang. Master Antipholis,——

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir; lo, here is the chain: I thought t' have ta'en you at the Porcupine; The chain unfinish'd, made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, Sir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have :

Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;
And soon a supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the money now ;
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir ; fare you well.
[Exit.

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell ;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts :
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay ;
If any ship put out, then strait away. [Exit.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The Street.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Merchant.

YOU know since Pentecost the sum is due ;
And since I have not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage :
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Ev'n just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholis ;
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain : at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same :
Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus, as from the courtezan's.

Offic. That labour you may save ; see where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow [thou Among my wife and her confederates, For locking me out of my doors by day. But, for, I see the goldsmith; get thee gone, Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [Exit Dromio.

E. Ant. A man is well help up that trusts to you: I promised your presence, and the chain; But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me: Belike you thought our love would last too long If it were chain'd together, therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note How much your chain weighs, to the utmost carrat; The fineness of the gold, the chargeful fashion, Which do amount to three odd ducats more Than I stand debted to this gentleman; I pray you see him presently discharg'd; For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money; Besides, I have some business in the town: Good Signior, take the stranger to my house, And with you take the chain, and bid my wife Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof; Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will: have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. An' if I have not, Sir, I hope you have, Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain;

Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman; And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse Your breach of promise to the Porcupine: [cuff I should have chid you for not bringing it; But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, Sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain—

E. Ant. Why, give it my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you ev'n
Or send the chain, or send by me some token. [now.

E. Ant. Fy, now you run this humour out of breath;
Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you? why should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much
to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Offic. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name
to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Offic. I do arrest you, Sir; you hear the suit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee 'till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer

Ang. Sir, Sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

S C E N E II.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnus,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, she bears away. Our freightage, Sir,

I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aquavitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

E. Ant. How now! a madman! why, thou peevish
What ship of Epidamnium stays for me? [*sheep,*

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to to hire wastage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's end as soon;
You sent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee strait;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats, let her send it:

Tell her I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me; hie thee, slave; be gone.
On, officer, to prison 'till it come. [*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowdabel did claim me for her husband.

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, altho' against my will,

For servants must their master's minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Changes to E. Antipholis's House.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face.

Luc. First he deny'd.—You had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my
spight.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.

First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical* in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say;

And yet, would herein others' eyes were worse:
For from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curse.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purse: sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar Limbo, worse than hell;
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel:
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough,
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that commands

* That is, marked or stigmatized by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition. *Johnson.*

The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lanes;
A hound that runs counter*, and yet draws dry-foot well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well; but he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that I can tell. Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at,

[*Exit Luciana.*]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt!

Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a stronger thing, A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone, It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men say, That Time comes stealing on by night and day?

* To run counter, is to run backward, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to draw dry foot is, I believe, to pursue by the track or prick of the foot; to run counter, and to draw dry foot well, are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word counter, which means the wrong way in the chase, and a prison in London. The officer that arrested him was a serjeant of the Counter. For the congruity of this jest, with the scene of action, let our author answer. *Johns.*

If Time be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in the day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it strait,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister, I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesse;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his shop,
And shew'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland forcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.
What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd*?

S. Ant. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam that kept the paradise;
but that Adam that keeps the prison; he that goes
in the calves-skin that was killed for the prodigal;

* Alluding to the coat of skins made for Adam after the fall, and the leathern coat worn by the officer who made the crest.

he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, 'tis a plain case. He that went like a base-viol in a case of leather; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them: he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives 'em suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the serjeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and saith, God give you good rest!

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition puts forth to-night, and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

S C E N E VI.

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholis. I see, Sir, you have found the goldsmith now: Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, God dam me; that's as much as to say, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men

like angels of light ; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn ; *ergo*, light wenches will burn ; come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir. Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here ?

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.

S. Ant. Why, Dromio ?

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend ! what tell'st thou me of supping.

Thou art, as you are all, a forcerefs :
I conjure thee to leave me, and begone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd, [ner, And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail, a rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone ; but she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise ; an' if you give it her, the devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or else the chain ; I hope you do not mean to cheat me so ?

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch ! come, Dromio, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock ; mistress, that you know. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Manet Courtezan.

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholis is mad ;
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain :
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason, that I gather, he is mad ;
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his own door being shut against his entrance.

Belike his wife, acquainted with the fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest chuse;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, with a Jailer.

E. Ant. Fear me not, man; I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, Sir, have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay
them all.

E. Ant. But where's the money?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's end, Sir; and to that end
am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.

[Beats Dromio.

Offic. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in
adversity.

Offic. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his
hands.

E. Ant. Thou whorson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would I were ſenſeleſs, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

E. Dro. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it when I ſleep; rais'd with it when I ſit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcom'd home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Miſtreſs, *respice finem*, reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware the rope's end. —

E. Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats Dromio.*

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecſtacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, houſ'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers;
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtrait,
I conjure thee by all the ſaints in heav'n.

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E. Ant. Peace, doating wizzard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are these your customers? Did this companion with the saffron face [stomers? Revel and feast it at my house to-day, Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut, And I deny'd to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know you din'd at home,

Where, 'would you had remain'd until this time, Free from these slanders and this open shame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain, what say'st thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes she did, the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did I not in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein, And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you, By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Money by me? heart and good will you But, surely, master, not a rag of money. [might,

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me
That I was sent for nothing but a rope. [witness,
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in
both.

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he strives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him; let him not come
near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong with-
in him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks?

E. Ant. What, will you murder me? thou jailor,
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them [thou,
To make a rescue?

Offic. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Finch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Offic. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

[*They bind Antipholis and Dromio.*
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. Oh, most unhappy day!

E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy strumpet!

E. Dro. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry, the devil——

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence; sister, stay you with me.

[*Exeunt Pinch, Antipholis, and Dromio.*]

Say, now, whose suit is he arrested at?

S C E N E X.

Manent Officer, Adriana, Luciana, and Courtezan.

Offic. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man; what is the sum he owes?

Offic. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Offic. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now),
Strait after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

S C E N E XI.

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn,
and Dromio of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords;

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Offic. Away, they'll kill us. [They run out.]

Manent Antipholis and Dromio.

S. Ant. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

S. Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuff
from thence :

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night; they will
surely do us no harm; you saw they spake us fair,
gave us gold; methinks they are such a gentle nation,
that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims
marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay
here still, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

Angelo.

I Am sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But I protest, he had the chain of me,
Tho' most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly.
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,

Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:

This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think I had; I never did deny it?

Mir. Yes, that you did, Sir; and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:

Fy on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villian, to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villian.

[*They draw.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Adranio, Luciana, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad.

Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.

This is some priory—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the Priory.*]

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I'm sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sower, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?

VOL. III.

B b

Bury'd some dear friend? hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last?
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy * of our conference.

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theam;
In company I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was
The venom clamours of a jealous woman [mad.
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraid-
Unquiet meals make ill digestions; [ings;
Therefore the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's the fever, but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life.
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

* By copy here is to be understood abundance, fulness,
as *copia* signifies in Latin.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
—Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.

—Good people, enter, and lay hold of him.

Abb. No, not a creature enter in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office;
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him stir,
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholesome sirups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
[Exit Abbess.]

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither;
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay,
Against the laws and statutes of this town,

Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he pass the abbey.

S C E N E III.

Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bare-headed; with the Headfman, and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholis my husband,

(Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters), this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurry'd through the street,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him:
And, with his mad attendant mad himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; 'till raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;
And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars;

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
(When thou didst make him master of thy bed),
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate;
And bid the lady Abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself;
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him [fire;
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.

[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: guard
with halberds.

Adr. Ay me! it is my husband; witness you,
That he is borne about invisible!
Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

S C E N E V.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious Duke, oh, grant
me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me
dote,

I see my son Antipholis, and Dromio.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet prince, against that wo-
man there :

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife ;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Ev'n in the strength and height of injury.

Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors
upon me ;

Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault ; say, woman, didst thou
so ?

Adr. No, my good Lord—myself, he, and my
sister,

To-day did dine together : so befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal !

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth !

Ang. O perjur'd woman ! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My liege, I am advised what I say.
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor, heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire ;
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner ;
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it ; for he was with me then ;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him ; in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,

That I this day from him receiv'd the chain;
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd
villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as it were, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds asunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witness with
him;

That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my Lord; and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart;
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
I never saw the chain, so help me Heav'n!

And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange; go call the Abbess hither;

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.]

S C E N E VI.

Ægeon. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:

Haply I see a friend will save my life,

And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd Antipholis?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bondman, Sir;
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am sure you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Ourselves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, Sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life, 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;

And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, Sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure thou dost.

E. Dro. I, Sir? but I am sure I do not: and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh, time's extremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splinted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses, I cannot err,
Tell me thou art my son Antipholis.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracusa-bay,
Thou know'st, we parted; but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st t' acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the
Can witness with me that it is not so: [city,
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee doat.

S C E N E VII.

*Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan, and
Dromio Syracusan.*

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much
wrong'd. [All gather to see him.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am Dromio; command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds; And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons?

Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak;

And speak unto the same *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:

These two *Antipholis*'s, these two so like,

And those two *Dromio*'s, one in semblance;

Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,

These plainly are the parents of these children,

Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;

If thou art she, tell me where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,

And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;

But, by and by, rude fishermen of *Corinth*

By force took *Dromio* and my son from them,

And me they left with those of *Epidamnum*.

What then became of them, I cannot tell;

I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. *Antipholis*, thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

S. Ant. No, Sir, not I; I came from *Syracuse*.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my most gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so :
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, Sir ; I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, Sir ; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, Sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio ; but, I think, he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors all arose.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There, take it ; and much thanks for
my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the
To go with us into the abbey here, [pains
And here at large discoursed all our fortunes :
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong ; go, keep us company,
And ye shall have full satisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel
Of you my sons ; nor, 'till this present hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered.
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast and * go with me :

* Go to a gossip's feast, and joy with me,
After so long grief such nativity.

That is, I consider myself as just brought to bed of
these children : let me therefore invite you, who have
assisted at this my delivery, to accept of a feast, and
to congratulate me on such a birth, &c. Revival.

300 The C O M E D Y, &c. Act V.

After so long grief such nativity !

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Manent the two Antipholis's and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at host, Sir, in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He speaks to me ; I am your master, Dromio.

Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon ;
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Antipholis S. and E.*]

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to day at dinner ;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks you are my gla'ss, and not my brother :

I see, by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth :
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir ; you are my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question :

How shall I try it ?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the senior :
'Till then, lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus—— [*Embracing.*]
We came into the world, like brother and brother :
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before
another. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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